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Summer's Charms.

Buttercups, clover, and feathery thistle,
Butterflies, bees, and locusts that whistle,
Heliotropes, roses, and morning-glories,—
These are but snatches of summer's stories.

Dawns that are blushing to sunrises sweeping,
Twilights and shadows, and lily-buds sleeping,
Noons that are brooding o'er nights that are tender,—
These are but snatches of summer's splendor.

Waterfalls, rivers, and waves that are sighing,
Murmurs of sea-shells on wet beaches lying,
Whispers of pine-trees breezes are bringing,—
These are but snatches of summer's singing.

Robins, and bluebirds, and swallows, and thrushes,
Twitters, and songs, and raptures, and hushes,
Attar of all the whole year's sweetness,—
This is what makes the summer's completeness.

Storms.

At night, within my lonely room,
So shelterless and high,
I dread the storm winds when they come
And sweep the earth and sky;
They seem to shake the feeble wall,
As with a giant's arm,
And oft I look to see it fall
In desperate alarm.

But if in all the darkened sky
I see one gleaming star,
I smile to hear the rough winds try
My confidence to mar;
Or if the moon, so calmly bright,
Between the clouds appears,
Then, though the storm be at its height,
I bid farewell to fears.

Or if by day the storm winds come
And drive the clouds with might,
If for one instant shines the sun,
I know that all is right.
If still when these are out of sight
I see the blue of Heaven,
No terror can my soul affright
Of winds and storm clouds driven.

I know then that the storm I dread
Shall have no power to harm,
And that the darkness overspread
Need give me no alarm.
'Tis so of other storms that come
My spirit to appall,
No evil shall by them be done
While Heaven is seen through all.

MARGARET.

A corridor at the end of one wing of a large rambling house in the north of England, a barred window and a closed door. In the passage a fair haired girl with the light of indescribable pity in her dove-like eyes, kneeling upon the boards, and pushing biscuits and sweetmeats underneath the ill-fitting door, which disappeared as fast as they were placed there, showing that some human hands were to seize them on the other side. Within, another girl as young as the first—not twenty, certainly—groveling on the floor like a wild beast, with dark, disheveled hair almost hiding the spark of insanity that deserved to have created glories, and devouring the precious morsels that her visitant placed within her reach with the avidity of a hungry child. The room in which she crouched was not comfortless, but had evidently been prepared for the occupation of such inmates, and the carefully guarded window and cushioned walls showed that the mansion in which it was situated was occupied by one who made it the business of his life to receive such unfortunates into his professional care. In plain words, a private lunatic asylum.

"My poor Leah!" whispered the fair haired girl outside, "do you know that I am here, and that I love you?"

The soft clear voice was not unheard, for Leah raised her head for a moment, and sat listening, with the dark cloud of tangled hair thrown back from the low forehead and deeply shaded eyebrows. But the look of attention passed away almost as rapidly as it had come, and in another moment her head was down again on the floor, and the softly set lips, that seemed made only to shape love's whispers, murmured stupidly and hungrily: "More, more?"

"I am going now," said the soft voice again, "but I will come and see you this evening, with the nurse. Do you hear? Do you understand?"

There was nothing but an inarticulate murmur in reply, though she listened in vain; and the fair haired girl rose with a sigh from her knees, and passed from the desolate corridor into the more habitable and cheerful part of the house in which the physician and his family lived, having learned from habit to look lightly on the empty human shrines of reason that were sheltered beneath the same roof.

"She is so beautiful!" said the girl to herself as she went down the stairs. "I hope God does not let her know what she is now, or she would die, as I should do."

"My dear Margaret," said her mother, looking up as her eldest child entered the room, "I hope you have not been among the patients again?"

"I have only been to see poor Leah," said Margaret Fenwick, in the same soft voice which was one of her greatest charms. "I must do that, you know, if it makes her less unhappy."

"Let the child alone, my dear," said Dr. Fenwick. "She will do herself no harm, if she does nobody else any good. But you did not work upon Brooker's feelings to give you the key, I hope, Margaret? The door was locked, of course?"

"I talked to her through the door, that was all," answered Margaret, simply. "Papa, do you think she will ever be like other people again? It was only last week she was sitting here with us all, and I was teaching her to play the accompaniment to her songs!"

"I know all that," said the physician, "but she is suffering from an acute attack of dementia now. She is very young, and may get completely over it, but then she will be always liable to a relapse. A sudden trouble would do it at any time."

"And she has money, too!" sighed Mrs. Fenwick, half enviously, as if it was a sin that so much good material for happiness should be wasted. "Didn't you say she had money?"

"Thirty thousand pounds, I believe," said her husband, dryly, "but I think there are thirty thousand good reasons why nobody should envy her."

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It is five years since Margaret Fenwick knelt at the corridor door, whispering soft words of love and sympathy to the unhappy girl inside. She is living in London with her mother now, for Dr. Fenwick has been dead sometime, and the establishment at Horewood is broken up. The gentle charm of her loveliness is still in its first flower, and, as she lingers over the letter which is in her hand, the clear light of happiness is irradiating her brow and laughing back from the soft sweet eyes. The words that a man writes to his promised wife could be answered in no more fitting way:

"MY DEAREST CHILD: I have got all the way to Wales safely, and the whole family is collected here under the paternal roof. I needn't say that one thing is wanting to me, and that, I hope, will soon be supplied, for, of course, you will come down and spend Christmas with us. My father and mother both want words to express their anxiety to see you and receive you as a daughter. Write and say how soon you can come.

"We are very quiet here, but there are one or two people in the village. A Mrs. Fourier has taken the White House, and her daughter is a regular acquisition. The old lady is not much, but Leah Fourier plays and sings divinely, and is unusually good looking into the bargain. The girls are mad about her.

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"You can tell how hard up I am for anything to tell when I am forced to write about strangers. I suppose you would get tired of it if I were to keep on telling you that I love you, but I have very few other ideas in my head just now at any one time. Besides, isn't it much pleasanter to tell it with your dear hand in mine? Your own ARTHUR ASHTON."

"Leah Fourier!" repeated Margaret to herself, dreamily, "I hope she won't remember me. I wonder whether mad people recollect anything that has passed when they are well? That would be the most wretched part of it all!"

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The song is ended, and Margaret Fenwick's *fiance* strolls after the singer into the conservatory.

"If I were you, Margaret, I should go after them, really," says Arthur's eldest sister, half laughing. "Leah would flirt with the footman, I believe if there was nobody else in the way. It was just the same when poor Charlie was at home."

Margaret tries to smile, and to keep her wistful eyes turned away from the conservatory door, but she cannot help speculating a little as to the difference between "poor Charlie" and his brother. As to Leah herself, she can hardly form a calm rational opinion, so different is this Leah from the girl with the wild eyes, whose poor uncertain fingers she had helped to find their old familiar places on the piano at Horewood five years ago. She feels rather than knows that the past is not all a blank to Miss Fourier's brain, but no word of recognition has passed between the girls, and it is plain at any rate that nothing of that dreadful episode in Leah's life is suspected by the Ashtons.

Ten minutes—a quarter of an hour goes slowly by, and Leah saunters back into the drawing-room, with a spray of maidenhair in her hands, and the passion of her song still half slumbering in those deep mysterious eyes. "Mr. Ashton is going to be kind enough to see me home," she remarks generally for everybody's information, and Margaret feels the same sudden chill that had come to her the night before for the first time, when her lover had undertaken the same surely unnecessary duty. It is almost a relief to her to remember that this is her last evening with the Ashtons, and that the next day Arthur is to take her back to London.

Nevertheless, the chill comes back to her heart more unmistakably than ever next night, for Leah Fourier, and the conservatory, and Arthur Ashton are all left behind. He found that he could take another week's holiday, he told her, and she could not be selfish enough to propose that he should spend two days in traveling, merely for the sake of taking her home. So their good-bye was said at the little Welsh railway station, but something fell out of his pocket as he was taking her ticket, and she could not help seeing that it was a bit of maidenhair fern. It was a pity that it should be crushed under a stranger's foot before he could recover it—but then there was more in the conservatory!

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Four, five days without a letter, during which time the chill never leaves her heart, and then there comes what she has been looking for. He asks her if she is good enough, unselfish enough, to forgive him, and adds, of course, that he can never forgive himself.

Well, Leah is his, body and soul, if he chooses to take her. Would he choose if he knew of the corridor at Horewood, and had seen the lips he loved cloying themselves with sweetmeats that soft, compassionate hands thrust to them within their reach? She puts away the thought from her with a shudder, calling upon God not to tempt her to come between him and his happiness. If it can all be hidden from him it would be a sin in her, of all women in the world, to say a word which might dash the cup from his lips. She would drink her own cup instead, and try to sweeten it by the thought that the man she loved was happy with the girl for whom she had once felt so divine a pity.

The months go quickly enough by, now that Margaret no longer counts how many there are between the seed and blossom of her happiness, and she knows that Arthur Ashton must have brought his bride back with him by this time to his London home. Margaret shudders as she remembers that there is still a secret hidden from Arthur Ashton in Leah's mysterious eyes—a secret which she alone can read, and would give half her life to be able to forget. Would it ever happen that he should come to her and curse her for having hidden it from him, to revenge herself?

That she is revenged, God knows how unwittingly, the very next time she sees human hands to seize them on the other side. Within, another girl as young as the first—not twenty, certainly—groveling on the floor like a wild beast, with dark, disheveled hair almost hiding the spark of insanity that deserved to have created glories, and devouring the precious morsels that her visitant placed within her reach with the avidity of a hungry child. The room in which she crouched was not comfortless, but had evidently been prepared for the occupation of such inmates, and the carefully guarded window and cushioned walls showed that the mansion in which it was situated was occupied by one who made it the business of his life to receive such unfortunates into his professional care. In plain words, a private lunatic asylum.

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Cats Wanted in the Black Hills.

A Black Hills paper says: "We wonder why some enterprising speculative individual has not yet thought of importing a load of cats to the Black Hills. An ordinary freight wagon could be partitioned off so as to carry with ease and safety two hundred cats. These cats could be obtained at little or no expense in any of the towns along the Missouri river, and they would find a ready market here at an average of $10 each. The man who has the sagacity and nerve to bring a load of cats into the Black Hills can lay claim to having struck a rich feline lode.

CONDITION OF OUR COUNTRY.

A Tramp's View—Lamentable Outlook for Children of Uncle Sam.

A humorous writer to a New York paper says: Yesterday I was sitting in my office vainly essaying to stab an obtrusive fly with a quill pen, when a stranger entered the open door, carefully selected a chair and seated himself with a sigh. He was attired in a suit of rusty black, and in person was tall, lank and cadaverous. Apparently he had seen better days—a good many of them. He calmly removed a slouched hat from his dome of thought, wiped his Corinthian brow with his coat sleeve, and spoke as follows:

"Are you the proprietor of this ranche?"

"Yes, sir; what do you wish?"

"Well, I thought I'd drop in and see you. I want to draw your attention to a little matter. Now, would you suspect that the United States is bankrupt—absolutely bankrupt?"

"Never dreamed of such a thing."

"That's just it. The people go on thoughtless and careless, and all the time the country is plunging madly down the steeps of corruption to irretrievable ruin."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, sir; it's a solemn fact, and its about time something was done about it. The Goddess of Liberty is going around without a cent in her pocket, and 2,000,000 of her children are begging for bread. Look at our prisons and poorhouses—chuck full every one of them, running over with rangers and criminals, and for every individual within their walls there are hundreds outside who ought to be there. Look at our railroads! Rates high and stocks low, locomotives drawing more empty cars than loaded ones, shops running on half time, track hands all discharged, and rails rusting from disuse. Look at our steamships! Full of rats and rotten planks. No business to speak of. Going to Europe with little or nothing, compared with the cargoes they used to carry, and coming back with less. Wharves tumbling down and floating away by piecemeal. Look at our mechanics; out of work; tools in the pawnshop; children hungry; wives hopeless; nothing left but suicide or the poorhouse. Look at our merchants. Business at a stand-still; counters covered with the dust of day before yesterday; yardstick laid away for future reference; proprietor gazing wistfully out of the window in search of the customer that cometh not. Look at our army. No pay, no ambition; takes them all summer to whip a band of crippled squaws; country too poor to pay them, and soldiers can't fight without cash. When a soldier pawns his sword for the necessaries of life, he pawns his courage with it. Then look at our navy. Bless you! there's nothing to look at except a few old wood tubs. We haven't a vessel that could cross Long Island sound in a summer's breeze without falling to pieces. Navy, indeed! Why a blind man afloat in a washtub, armed with a Colt's revolver, could sink our whole navy inside of fifteen minutes. No wonder Europe laughs at us. Now what is the remedy for all this? Work, untiring, unceasing work. By industry we thrive. Let us one and all put our shoulder to the wheel and lift the mired chariot of commerce out of the bog-hole of bankruptcy into the smooth highway of prosperity and start it rolling once more. By the way, I am out of work at present, and if you could lend me a quarter till I find a job"—

In my haste to get up I unfortunately upset the desk, and when I reached the door with the quarter the tramp had vanished, and was not.

An Oriental Ruler's Cruelties.

When the French finally reduced Constantine, one of the Algerine cities, in 1848, the palace of Hadj Ahmed excited general admiration, and the women of his large harem caused unusual curiosity and compassion, from the tales spread of his cruelty to them. He sprang from a wealthy family of the place, and had been Khalifa under the Bey Brahemel-Rabbi, but exciting the jealousy of that ruler, fled to Algiers. There he won the good-will of the pasha, and in 1826 became himself bey of Constantine.

His cruelties were the theme of every tongue. A summer-house used to be shown in his garden where he was accustomed to sit and smoke, while his harem, all attired in their finest array, passed one by one before him. They were required to keep their eyes cast down, their arms folded across their breast in a modest attitude. One day one of these women, as she passed through the garden, plucked an orange. The Hadj Ahmed ordered her hand to be nailed up to the tree.

One of his four wives was an Italian girl named Aicha, carried off, when a child, with her brother. She was a queenly young woman, and, after the French occupation, was instructed, and in time married a French officer. Her influence had been great with the Hadj Ahmed, yet when her brother, after rising to a high rank in the army, discovered finally that his sister was in the harem, the Hadj Ahmed put him to death for daring to ask to see her.

One day some of the women found a pipe, and, to divert themselves, dressed one of their number in a turban and robes, and set her up to smoke while they waited upon her. Hadj Ahmed burst in upon this childish scene, tore his mock representative from her seat of honor, had her mouth sewed up as a punishment for daring to place his pipe within it, and ordered her to be put to death.

From time to time, during his rule, two men would be seen at night, one bearing to the height overlooking the valley of the Roumel a long box open at each end, the other a white sack from which smothered moans escaped. Halting at three stones, the box was placed on the middle one, the sack slipped in, one end of the box raised, and the sack shot out down a precipice of six hundred feet. Some hours later men approached the sack on the rocky bank of the river, opened it, took out a woman's corpse, and conveyed it to the grave.

This monster lived many years after his overthrow, and died an object of horror.

About the Fly.

When a Detroit woman answered the door-bell the other day she found a stranger on the step. He had a bundle in his hand, a smile on his face, and he said:

"Madam, can I sell you some fly-paper?"

"Does the paper fly?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, but it makes the flies fly."

"What do I want the flies to fly for?" she continued.

"Every fly, madam"—he was explaining, when she called out:

"I want you to fly! I can get along with flies better than with agents!"

"But I am not on the fly," he softly protested.

"Our dog is," she grimly replied, and so he was. He flew around the corner, the agent flew for the gate, the roll of fly-paper flew over the curb, and a newsboy climbed a tree-box to be out of the muss and shouted:

"She flew, thou flyest, he flied, and I believe the dog got a piece of meat with that coat tail!"

Ferocious Attack on a Paymaster.

One of the most desperate daylight attacks on record was made in Scranton, Pa., a few weeks ago, by a pair of masked robbers, upon Paymaster Bessell, of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad company, and his assistant, Captain Carling, while on their way to pay the employees at the Cayuga and Brisbin collieries. The murderous affair occurred within a stone's throw of the Brisbin mine, at a short distance from the main road, between Hyde Park and Providence, almost in the midst of a thickly populated settlement, and shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon. Paymaster J. H. Bessell and Captain W. H. Carling were driving leisurely along, in a buggy in which they had the money for the men, amounting to twelve thousand dollars, and on arriving at a point of the road which is crossed by the railway, and guarded by a gate on each side of the track, they halted for the purpose of Mr. Carling getting out and opening the gates that they might pass through. The captain was just in the act of removing the lap-robe from his knees, when he and his companion were startled by the sudden appearance of two masked robbers, who had been crouching by the roadside in wait for them, and now sprang up and pointed pistols at their heads. The men were closely masked with something that completely covered their faces, so that it was impossible to get even a glimpse of their features. They were quite close to the buggy, being no more than two yards from the horse's head, and their appearance fairly unnerved the paymaster and his assistant for a moment. They made no demand, and it was evident from their determined demeanor that it was their intention to murder and rob the men in charge of the miners' pay. In less time than it takes to tell it, one of them discharged his revolver at Captain Carling's head, which, fortunately, was inclined backward, owing to the position he had taken to get out of the buggy. The bullet glanced along his left cheek, and plowed its way through the skin of the temple, leaving a ghastly mark, but fortunately going whistling harmlessly beyond its intended victim. Such a sudden shock, thrilling situation and narrow escape from instant death, fairly stunned the captain for the moment, but summoning up his accustomed coolness and courage, he was out of the buggy in an instant and he cried to his companion: "Shoot them—shoot them down!" The horse, frightened by the report of the assassin's pistol, plunged forward, making it a difficult matter for Mr. Bessell, who was still in the carriage, to take aim at the assassins, but before the words were spoken his revolver was leveled at the highwaymen, at whom he fired. It was a close struggle. The murderers were now no further off than five feet from the buggy in which the money lay, but it required more than the heroism of even a highwayman to approach it under the determined guard of Paymaster Bessell, who held his ground firmly and kept firing at the would-be assassins, who now, seeing they were foiled, turned and fled in the direction of Church's Corners.

Proclamation by the Czar.

The czar issued the following proclamation to the Bulgarians, on the day on which the Russian army crossed the Danube:

"My troops have crossed the Danube. To-day they enter your territory, where they have already seven times fought for the amelioration of the Christian inhabitants of Turkey. Russia still bears the same love and solicitude toward all Christians in Turkey as when she secured the liberation of Servia and Roumania. I have confided to my army the mission of securing the sacred rights of your nationality, which you have acquired by centuries of suffering and the blood of martyrs which has soaked your soil. Russia's mission is to build up, not to destroy. She is called by the decrees of Providence to conciliate and pacify all races and denominations in those parts of Bulgaria inhabited by a mixed population. Henceforth the Russian arms will protect every Christian against all violence. Not vengeance but strict equity will guide our acts."

The proclamation promises also equal protection to Mussulmans but impartial justice upon known participators in atrocities. It urges the abandonment of intestine dissensions and announces that as fast as the Russians advance Turkish rule will be replaced by regular organizations in which the native inhabitants will be summoned to take part under the supreme direction of special authorities and Bulgarian legions will be formed to serve as the nucleus of a local armed force destined to maintain order and security. The proclamation concludes: "Follow faithfully the instructions of the Russian authorities. Therein lie your strength and security. With humility I pray the Lord to grant us victory over the enemies of Christianity and to send down His blessing upon our just cause."

Black Hills Waifs.

The following items are compiled from the Black Hills newspapers. They are characteristic of the new land of gold:

Rumored advent of English capitalists to make Deadwood alive.

"Am Sick, for sale," was the notice on an immigrant wagon recently driven into Deadwood.

Deadwood Sunday services are held over the post-office.

Deadwood emigration equals Deadwood immigration.

Miners' wages are four dollars per day.

Real bears prowl about the mining camps.

The prominent Deadwood hotels advertise "All languages spoken." Have they conquered Russian?

Potato Creek pays 300 men well.

Rich specimens of copper ore are found on Box Elder Creek.

The Deadwood sheriff wants an owner for a span of mules.

Bear Gulch is yielding large quantities of gold.

Thirteen hundred advertised letters in the *Black Hills Pioneer*. The capitals in the font gave out and the *Pioneer* is spelling the Jones with little "js."

The beautiful panorama of nature between Spearfish and Deadwood is marred by the suspicion that an Indian and rifle lurk under the dense foliage. There every prospect pleases and only man is vile.

The poll tax is due and second-hand sewing machines are already for sale at Deadwood. So advances civilization.

The *Black Hills Times* will sell an account of $1.25 against one Smith very cheap.

The Dethroned Sultan.

Murad, Turkiey's dethroned sultan, lives, a gloomy man, in a palace on Seraglio Point. His mother is constantly by his side. She tastes his food before it touches his lips, and she allows no one to approach him until she knows the object of the visit. His beautiful daughter, Blanche, the Circassian, whom he had reared up to an European education in the family of his private physician, is with him also. As soon as he was called to the throne he had a part of the harem fitted up for her exclusive use in a style of the most luxurious splendor and expense. Her apartment, whose embellishment cost nearly 100,000 francs, was just finished as Murad was forced to abdicate.

ACROSS THE DANUBE.

How the Russians Effected the Passage of the River.

A special dispatch gives the following account of the passage of the Russian troops across the Danube at Simnitza:

Under the willows and tamarisks there were collected, about six o'clock at night, boats and men. At eleven o'clock they began to cross. Both during the crossing and afterward they suffered seriously from the fire of two batteries, and from rifle fire.

One gun standing alone fired with steadiness and precision and created some damage, but, although the men suffered, the boats went and came until men enough were collected to hold their own when morning dawned. Still the Turks made a feeble resistance, for resistance must surely be feeble which cannot prevent 208 boats from passing to and fro on a broad river. Dragomiroff's division of the Eighth corps was the first to cross. The Turks fired the last round a little after one o'clock.

On the Turkish side the bank presents low cliffs and steep declivities, and behind that more gradual ascents, but always forming perfectly defensive positions, which were, in fact, only feebly contested.

On the right of the Russians opposite Sistova, all day, three battalions of field artillery, firing slowly, helped to crush the opposition of the Turks. To the left of the landing place, concealed among willows, were more batteries, and further left still, horse artillery. From that position a whole fleet of Turkish crafts was visible. One of them was a war vessel. Its inactivity was unaccountable.

Between one and two o'clock the next day the first Russian gun was ferried over on a stage supported by two pontoons, and by that time the column of wounded ceased to pass. The character of the resistance may be estimated by the fact that so far as known there were only 140 wounded, and giving a fair proportion for the killed, it may be said that the Russians loss was about 200.

Though the Russians crossed at Simnitza easily, it has not been so higher up the river near Turnu-Magureli, where their attempt failed. We must therefore suppose that Simnitza will become the chief point of passage for other corps than those originally destined to cross there. As matters stand one corps only, the Eighth, will have gained a march on the Turkish army.

The Russians wisely drew a thick veil around their movement at the last moment, placing sentries on every road, and suffering no man to pass. They then passed higher up the river than was expected.

What Farmers' Sons Ought to Know.

To those who prize the freedom peculiar to a life in the country, and also the security of a steady occupation, the pursuit of farming in this country offers great advantages. Every talent that the most gifted young man possesses may be exercised in connection with agriculture, and the most finished his education the better will be his chances of gaining culture from his surroundings and acquiring influence with his neighbors.

Already a large portion of the permanent wealth of our nation is in the hands of farmers, and every facility is offered by our laws for any one who wishes to secure a farm for himself. The introduction of machinery for almost all kinds of farm work, the multiplication of means of transportation, and the great demand in cities and towns for the best farm produce, makes it necessary for a man to know the cost of each crop he raises that he may devote his time and labor to that which pays the highest per cent. on capital invested. Hundreds of farmers annually dispose of their wheat, potatoes, apples, corn, cattle or horses at the market price, without knowing the actual cost of production of any crop. As a natural consequence they go on year after year in the same way; while by knowing exactly the cost of raising a bushel of wheat or a ton of hay or a pound of wool, they could soon decide where their profits lay, and discard the crops which experience proved to bring them only loss.

Now to know the precise cost of any farm product, it is as necessary that a farmer should keep accurate accounts as for a merchant or manufacturer. To no class of business men is a practical knowledge of book-keeping more valuable than to our farmers. Because many have succeeded without it in the past does not alter the case. A higher standard is before the farmer now. Their produce must be of good quality to meet with ready sale, and to insure that success now demands that capital be invested in good buildings, machinery and improved kinds of grain, fruit and live stock.

They need to know the exact returns yielded by all such investments, which can be ascertained only from a complete and accurate system of accounts. Let us impress upon young farmers, stock-dealers and fruit-growers the vast benefit you would realize from a course of business training. Better give a year of your time now to this study; you would be more than repaid for your time and money in five years. Surely it is time the leading industry of our State and country was conducted on the same principles that control less important interests.

Marriage Under Difficulties.

At Belchertown, Mass., an Amherst couple, named respectively Fry and Boil, were married under rather exciting circumstances. The girl's father didn't want her to marry the man, so the latter took her to a place where her sister was employed till the wedding could be arranged. The sister, however, was also opposed to the match, because the same fellow had previously made love to her, and so she locked the bride expectant in her room. After a night's incarceration she jumped from the window and joined her lover at the hotel. The clerk of the house drove off furiously for a clergyman, and the Methodist pastor was just beginning the ceremony when the sister appeared at the window to forbid the banns. The certificate was all signed, however, and the minister concluded to go on, but in his excitement he read most of the baptismal service, beginning: "Whereas, all men are born in sin," and repeated the names of the couple he last married. The clerk held the door so that the sister couldn't come in. On the following Sunday the girl's father came to the church door and called the minister from his Sunday school class to demand of him why he married his daughter, at the same time admitting her legal age. Meanwhile the groom has lost his place at Amherst, and left for parts unknown.

Women Farmers in the West.

Numbers of strong, healthy, and able-bodied women are earning a good livelihood, and laying by a competency for the future by farm life on the plains of Nebraska. Many of these female farmers have taken up their farms under the "land laws," which are applicable to both men and women, and, notwithstanding the grasshopper scourge which has afflicted the State, many a widow with a dependent family is to-day cultivating her farm, raising her herds, tending her dairy, and thus providing for her family and securing for herself a competency that cannot be gained in the factories or salesrooms of the East, not even in the school-rooms or "behind the foot-lights."

An Indian Prophet.

The North American Indians are peculiarly sensitive to the influence of prophets, and one of the most notable of these is a sexagenarian named Smuhhalle, belonging to the Wallawalla tribe on Middle Columbia river, who has been disturbing the untutored Indian mind for several years past, and of whom an interesting account is given by the *Nation*. Smuhhalle was originally a medicine man of his own Oregonian tribe. In the pursuit of his calling he met a thorough biblical scholar, and improved so much by his teachings that he started on his own account as an Indian prophet, and went about disseminating his doctrine by speeches, discussions, and demonstrations. The gist of this doctrine was the love of our fellow-men and the complete return of the "old happy state" of the Indians before the advent of the white race. His followers constituted themselves a propogandist society about the year 1862, and he soon gained a reputation among the tribes on the Columbia as a reformer, a public benefactor, and a presumptive redeemer from the foreign yoke. Although his disciples are generally considered as "smart imposters" by the white settlers, Smuhhalle himself does not deserve this epithet. Like Mohammed, he promises multiple conjugal felicity to his followers, and is himself blessed with five wives. His secretaries pledge themselves to maintain and spread the doctrines even after his death, and they distinguish themselves from other Indians by decorating themselves with two black dashes on each cheek, with one white dash or streak intervening. The belief in Smuhhalle will, in their opinion, eventually bring the country into their own undisputed possession. They unite three times every day for worship. This movement, it is stated, is rapidly spreading, and many tribes of the Columbia Basin, from the Klamath Lakes to the Upper Columbia, have joined the sect wholly or partially. Smuhhalle does not leave his own camp, which is at Rapids du Pre on the Columbia river, but preaches there his doctrine with the emphasis, imagery, and volubility so well known to Indian discourses. The recent dissatisfaction among the Nez Perces Indians, a numerous tribe residing on the Oregon and Idaho reservations, is mainly attributed to this "reformatory" movement of Smuhhalle and his followers.

Kicked to Death by His Horse.

Charles de Harvard Carr, manager of the Cincinnati Coffin Company, was killed in his stable in Cincinnati by being kicked by one of his horses, about noon one day recently. The unfortunate gentleman, who had moved into his elegant new residence at the corner of Ringgold and Young streets a month or so ago, had recently purchased a very fine bay horse, and about eleven o'clock on the morning of his death he left his house and proceeded to his stable on the next square to have a look at the animal. When he went into the building he fastened its door on the inside, and that was the last seen of him until about half-past twelve o'clock, when William Brooks, his colored coachman, who had been down town on a message, went over to the stable to see what was detaining his master and keeping him from his home. Brooks, being unable to get into the stable, or to get any answers to his calls to Mr. Carr, went to the window, which was open, and, upon looking into it, he saw Mr. Carr lying on the floor under the horse's hoofs, quite dead. He jumped into the window and pulled the body back from the reach of the animal's heels, and then gave the alarm. The deceased was carried to his home—a terrible sight for his loving wife and family. From the character of his injuries, it appears as if Mr. Carr must have been examining the hind legs of the bay horse, when a gray horse, which was in the next stall, kicked him in the side of his face with terrific force. One of the calks of the animal's shoe struck him under the ear, and Dr. Mussey, who examined the body during the afternoon, is of the opinion that the kick broke Mr. Carr's neck, and that he died instantaneously.

The Turkish Camp at Shumla.

A war correspondent of the London *Times* has this to say about the appearance and behavior of the Turkish soldiers at the town of Shumla, east of the Danube: I will now permit myself to say a word or two upon the general appearance and characteristics of this army. To begin at the base, I have every where found the rank and file sound. Take your samples whencesoever you like—either from the Egyptians at Varna, the Arabs at Rustchuk, or the mixed races here, among cavalry, artillery, or infantry, and the result is the same. You get tough, broad-shouldered patient looking, and obedient soldiers. They have their vices, but their especial strength lies in their perfect sobriety. With a camp of I will not say how many men, but with a great camp like this, overwhelming this little town, the grog shopkeepers are simply being ruined because there is no business, and the streets are as quiet as the city of London on a Sunday afternoon. I have seen other armies, and not one that I have known has had that virtue.

In this respect our friends across the Danube are very heavily handicapped. Thus, among the Russians being marched into the trains at Bucharest the other day, I counted seven staggering men at eight in the morning, and the officers took no notice whatever of their condition.

A Young Lady's Plain, Simple Dress.

The following is clipped from the Toledo (Ohio) *Blade*: Now we begin to have an idea of what a plain, simple dress for a lady is. The lady principal of a young ladies' seminary in Tennessee has made a specific chart for the government of her sweet girl graduates in their costuming for the commencement day exercises. It is gratifying, succint and clear, and we have pasted it up for future use as a standard in determining whether any feminine dress is "simple" or "rich." The mandate runs: "The young ladies are to dress in white, and the material is to be muslin, tarlatan, or its equivalent. No trimmings permitted except when made of the same material as the dress. Lace, silk and satin expressly prohibited. No satin or silk sashes, and no train over ten inches in length. No sleeves shorter than the elbow. No flowers, except a brooch bouquet and as dressing for the hair. No jewelry except earrings. Any young lady disregarding these regulations will not be allowed to appear at commencement."

German Cremation.

It appears to be a fact that the German society for the introduction of cremation has paid the sum of fifteen thousand marks to the town of Gotha to cover the necessary expenses of erecting a cremation apparatus. Strict regulations have also been published by the police, ordering the examination by competent medical officers of all bodies submitted to be burned, so as to prevent cremation in all cases where the causes of death have not been properly ascertained. In order to still further guard against abuse, bodies sent to Gotha from abroad are to be subjected to the same, or even more stringent, rules before being received for the operation. At first, no corpse is to be burned unless the deceased had expressed a wish to that effect, and the relatives have approved.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Making Hay.

The old saw which tells the farmer to "Make hay while the sun shines" does not go far enough in the way of advice, for much poor hay is made in the best of haying weather. A man cannot make good hay out of poor material; consequently, he must not only have some good plant to begin with, but must cut it at the proper stage of its growth. The best of timothy and red-top, or any of the clovers, if allowed to stand until ripe and the leaves drop, are worth little more for hay

The Centre Reporter.

YEAR. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

:o:

CENTRE HALL, Pa., July 26, 1877.

"President Hayes has refused to pardon a New York lawyer convicted of fraud upon the ballot, and has set a precedent, says the Tribune, a Hayes organ. Then what would Hayes advise in the case of the frauds of the Returning Boards by which he was counted in. He thinks they should not even be prosecuted.

Centre county will have nothing to nominate this fall but a candidate for district attorney. The first rest our people have had since the county was organized.

The Camerons protest against the reported appointment of Bayard Taylor to a foreign mission being put down to their account. It is probable that Bayard Taylor would be quite as willing to repudiate the connection.

When Prof. Dana's name was before the senate for confirmation as a Minister, old Simon opposed him on the ground that "them damn literary fellers are getting too numerous around here." We suppose the illiterate Camerons oppose Bayard Taylor because he belongs to "them literary fellers."

W. Hayes Grier, Commissioner of statistics, has our thanks for copy of Annual Report Industrial Statistics, Penn'a.

At the Centre county republican committee meeting held on 18, D. H. Hastings and Richard Miles were elected representative delegates and instructed by a unanimous vote to support J. A. M. Passmore, of Schuylkill county, for auditor general. They were not instructed with regard to the other offices.

Now, Dan, when you get to the Cameron pow-wow at Harrisburg, don't make a speech that any Philipsburger can say belonged to P. Lagerist.

The Daily News correspondent with the Russians telegraphs from Zaim, July 12, as follows: "Eighteen thousand bombs have been fired at Kars. The expense is 1,500,000 roubles. Three Russian officers and 160 soldiers were killed in the batteries. The army is slowly retiring. There is a slight advance by Mukhtar Pasha, His camp moves three versts east to-day in the direction of Alexandropole. Reinforcements are expected.

We surrender considerable space in this week's Reporter, to accounts of the great railroad strikes at various points. These riots have assumed a magnitude beyond any former strikes in this country. Many lives have already been lost, much valuable property has been destroyed, and the business of cities has been stopped. This is a truly bad state of affairs, deeply to be deplored. The laborer has no work! those that still have employ are receiving wages so small that scarce carry them beyond the brink of starvation, and this excites the sympathy of the community in general, and the rail-roads seem to find themselves without friends. Yet a wanton destruction of property is not the way to better things or right a wrong. Innocent lives have already been taken, and the flames have consumed private property. The mob for the hour rules, and the law is defied. Where would this end if the law cannot assert itself to protect property in the hour of its peril? We trust we have seen the worst of this strike and that quiet will be gained.

The Penn'a RR. Co. will learn from the present strike that it has not got many friends among the masses of the people. This is on account of its monopolizing and grinding conduct. It has imposed upon the State and individual, and kept our legislatures under its thumb for years, and all this has tended to heap up wrath among the people. Let it learn a lesson. Even in our valley of Penn we have grevious complaints—it bargained with us relative to building our railroad; and while it made our people come up to their promises with an iron hand, it has been slow in fulfilling its promises to us. Still we do not countenance mobs and the destruction of property. All good citizens deplore that; two wrongs do not make one right.

CHANCE IN THE PENSION AGENCY.

An order has been received from the chief of the Pension Bureau, which is in effect that all pensioners of the army or navy residing in the counties of Adams, Allegheny, Armstrong, Brown, Bedford, Blair, Cambria, Cameron, Centre, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Crawford, Cumberland, Elk, Erie, Fayette, Forest, Franklin, Fulton, Greene, Huntingdon, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata, Lawrence, Lycoming, McKean, Mercer, Mifflin, Perry, Potter, Snyder, Somerset, Tioga, Union, Venango, Warren, Washington, and Westmoreland, shall be henceforth paid their pensions at the Pittsburgh agency. The order is dated June 30. Heretofore about one-third of these counties received pensions from the Philadelphia agency.

A NEW PARTY.

Hayes as a resurrectionist has failed—the old Whig party would not arise from its grave at his call. Now a new party is the thing that is to be. And it is to be called the "Union Party." We recollect that the old abolitionists got a hankering for this name during the war, and called themselves the Union party, as many of the Reporter's readers will remember. But as to Hayes' New Union Party, a Washington correspondent of the Times says:

Judge Bartly, for a long time Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and now a prominent lawyer in this city, is the authority for the announcement that already a very well-conceived and arranged movement is on foot looking to the formation of a new political party, to be called "the Union party." Judge Bartly is a brother-in-law of the Shermans, and has always been considered a Democrat. He says that he indorses the policy of Hayes, and that while he is sure that Hayes does not desire to create a Hayes party, as Andy Johnson did a Johnson party, yet he has every reason to believe that Hayes would like to see the Union party become the power in the land. It is argued by the adherents of this new movement that the Democratic party is entirely sectional; that without the solid South it could not survive, and that its greatest strength lies in the fact that all rebeldom is with and for it; and, on the other hand, that the Republican party is living in the North, East and West entirely upon the food it receives from the still burning embers of hatred to the South; that the policy of Hayes is to extract the better elements from these parties of the sections and carry the country with them, and that Ewarts and Schurz are heart and soul in favor of this new Union party. Ex-Senator Foote of Mississippi and Tennessee, is a partner of Judge Bartly and he is an outspoken advocate of the new movement. It is alleged that there are thousands of the leading men of the South ready to join this party, and that before Congress meets in October its purpose, strength and good intentions will be made manifest.

This Union party should start out with the following ticket:

For President, J. Madison Wells.

For Vice President, Cuffy Cassanave, and, the other returning board knaves to fill cabinet positions.

And now some of the federal office holders are actually getting up their bristles and threaten to defy Hayes. For it is announced in Washington that certain members of the National Republican committee holding federal appointments intend to disobey the President and decline to retire from either of the two positions. It is their purpose to carry the matter to the Senate, with the expectation that that branch of the government will not consent to the suspension of federal officers merely because they are members of the national committee. There is considerable feeling over the matter but the general opinion is that a majority of the committeemen holding federal appointments will resign their connection with the national committee in order that they may continue to draw their salaries as government officers.

The 5th Reg., under command of Gen. Beaver, and composed of Centre and adjourning counties, was ordered to the seat of war, at Pittsburg, on Saturday. When it reached Altoona, the train was boarded by sympathizers with the strikers, and their arms taken from them and also their grub. There was a company from Bellefonte and several from Williamsport. The Bellefonte boys had supplied themselves with many nice things to eat—Dan Hastings laid in fine pound-cake,—as though it was a pic-nic excursion they were on, and all this good grub fell a prey to an Altoona mob. Gen. Beaver, Col. Blair, Col. P. B. Wilson, were politely relieved of their nice swords and as report has it, these officers were locked up, together with some other military fellers of lesser rank belonging to the regiment. This is too bad—it is absolutely rough on Centre county, and it is a stain that must be wiped out if the lives of all the third cousins in the county must be sacrificed. To have the brave warriors of our county disarmed by an Altoona mob, and then their nicely packed grub taken too is just too much and we are for a fight, unless the thing can be compromised by the mob agreeing to send back the presarves cakes and pies, and contenting themselves with keeping the shooting irons. Send us back the grub, or else on to——some Wast Vilderness where our remorse can be spent in solitude. So it is reported.

St. Louis banks must all have had a dose of dynamite—they are on a bust.

Life Insurance Companies, need themselves to be insured to keep them from going to grass.

Mr. Randall's chances to be-elected Speaker by the new Congress are still good.

Ben Wade denies that he has come around in favor of Hayes' policy.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.

A subscriber at Dempsytown, Pa., has sent us the following, with the request to print it in the Reporter:

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip mongers. Keep straight on in your course, and let their backbiting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at nights, brooding over the remark of some false friend, that runs through your brain like lightning! What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage, by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? The things cannot possibly injure you unless, indeed you take notice of them, and in combating them give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee sting you, would you go to the hive to destroy it! Would not a thousand come upon you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way. They are annoying, it is true, but not dangerous, so long as we do not stop to expostulate and scold. Our characters are formed and sustained by ourselves, by our own actions and purposes, and not by others. Let us always bear in mind that, calumniators may usually be trusted to time and the slow but steady justice of public opinion."

CARRYING COLORADO.

How Schaffenberg and Chaffee are Said to Have Bought it for Hayes.

Leavenworth, Kan., July 14.—The Evening Commercial of last evening said editorially that it is a fact not generally known that the man who did as much to make Hayes President as any one else in this country is now an inmate of the Kansas state penitentiary—namely, Schaffenberg, ex-United States marshal for Colorado. When doubts hung over the vote of Colorado, both sides claimed it, though the vote was finally made out to be republican. Schaffenberg had been United States marshal for a number of years; he was a shrewd, keen, educated, intelligent German, with an eye open to the main chance, and by his shrewd management had amassed a fine fortune. It was charged that he had been in the constant habit for some years of drawing large sums of money from the United States treasury on false vouchers in this capacity as United States marshal. He was suspected and removed, or resigned his office, and left the territory, but returned a short time before the election under the state constitution. Having been arrested upon the above charges and having given bail, it was but natural that he should want to get out of his trouble. Now comes the true inwardness of the case. He was a great friend of Jerome B. Chaffee, former delegate in congress from that territory, who had probably made him United States marshal. Chaffee was exceedingly anxious to go to the United States senate, if he could only secure a republican majority of his friends in the legislature; and if so elected, he agreed, says the Commercial, to have Schaffenberg's affair fixed up at Washington. Schaffenberg had plenty of money and went in. He says he spent $50,000 and carried the state for the radical legislature. Chaffee was elected United State senator and immediately hastened to Washington to fulfill his part of the contract, but the fact of Schaffenberg's defalcation had reached Washington before him, and he found that the crime could not be condoned or rubbed out. Chaffee and the attorney general had a bitter quarrel over the matter, but no arrangement could be arrived at, and so the trial had to go on. In the meantime the gentleman who occupied the position of United States district judge of Colorado had been a strong candidate before the legislature for the senatorship against Chaffee and was beaten. Schaffenberg had done his level best for Chaffee and it was now the judge's turn. The trial came on and poor Schaffenberg was landed in the Kansas penitentiary for two years.

LUMBER AND SAW MILL DESTROYED.

Carpenter, Pa., July 18.—The large saw mill and lumber yard of John Brown, situated at Grover, Pa., was burned this morning. About 1,500,000 feet of lumber and a large quantity of wood and logs were burned. Loss from $15,000 to $18,000; insurance small, cause not known.

Milton, Pa., July 18.—A fire broke out here at noon to-day which destroyed the large saw mill of M'Cleery, Newhart & Co., together with about $25,000 worth of lumber. The mill was partly insured. There was no insurance on the lumber. The total loss is about $30,000.

When does a five-franc piece lose all its value?—When compared with a dollar it is worth-less.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

FEDERAL TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO THE SCENE OF THE TROUBLES.

PROCLAMATION OF HAYES ORDERING RIOTERS TO DISPERSE.

The Mob Have Complete Control at Several Points.

Washington, July 18.—This afternoon the President received a telegram from Gov. Matthews, of West Virginia, dated Wheeling, stating that the strikers on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, had become so violent and incendiary that he was unable to quell the disturbance with the forces at his command, and requesting that United States troops be placed at his disposal to put down the mob. Consequently, at a late hour this afternoon, orders were issued from the War Department, directing troops to be sent immediately to Gov. Matthews' assistance. The troops ordered to Martinsburg are the Second Artillery, twelve officers and two hundred men, from the Washington arsenal, and eight officers and one hundred and twelve men from Fort McHenry, and are under the command of General French. They will leave immediately, and General French is ordered, on his arrival at Martinsburg, to report to Col. Delaplaine, Ald to Gov Matthews.

The Governor Stoned.

On the first outbreak, Col. Delaplaine, aide-de-camp, who is acting for Gov. Matthews, of West Virginia, at Martinsburg, telegraphed the situation of affairs, on which the Governor satisfied the President to order United States troops to the scene. Gov. Matthews, while at Grafton on Tuesday night was stoned by a mob. One of the missiles was thrown through the bed room window of his hotel, the Grafton House, as he was rotiring, and fell on his bed, narrowly missing the Gubernatorial target.

The Worst not yet Come—The Men Resolved to Hold Out.

Washington, July 18.—The Western train due here at 7.50 o'clock this morning did not arrive until near 12 o'clock. This train brought from Wheeling, Gov. Matthews and a company of militia, who were landed at Martinsburg. It was stated on the arrival of the train here that the delay was occasioned by waiting for Governor Matthews and the military and by the time lost in slacking up beyond Martinsburg, as a precautionary measure to avoid obstructions, etc. Passengers by this train, some of whom left Martinsburg this morning, representing that affairs were quiet there this morning. Some assert that the worst has not yet come, that the people in West Virginia generally sympathize with the strikers, and the strikers are determined to allow no freight trains to pass either way. They also state that it will be impossible to put them down with any State troops and that nothing less than regular troops will be of any service. The general sympathy with the men, some Martinsburg people say, is owing to the fact that under the usual arrangements for running freight trains they were compelled to lay over at Martinsburg sometimes twenty-four or more hours and did not receive pay therefor, and while there they were compelled to pay board, which left them but little to carry home to their families. The business at the depot in this city is not retarded in the least, either as regards passenger trains on the Washington branch or westward. The men on this division accept the situation because the order applies to all, officers and employees, reducing pay ten per cent.

West Virginia Militia.

Gov. Matthews reports that the Legislature of 1875 did not provide for the organization of enrolling of militia. There is no organized force, except two volunteer companies, in the State. In order to protect the lives of the men and prevent bloodshed, he was compelled to ask for Federal troops. The rioters took forty stands of arms from the volunteer companies to-day.

The Shooting at Martinsburg.

Another story of yesterday's shooting affair at Martinsburg says the militia company deployed on both sides of the train about starting. One of the strikers, Wm. Vandergreff, slezed the switch ball to run the train on the side track. John Poisal, one of the militia, jumped from the engine attemped to replace the switch. Vandergreff fired two shots at Poisal, one causing a slight flesh wound. Poisal returned the fire, shooting Vandergreff through the hip. Several other shots were fired at Vandergreff, striking him in the head and arm. When the firing was heard, a very large crowd of railroaders and citizens collected, and the feeling became intense. The volunteering engineer and fireman of the train ran off as soon as the firing began. Captain Franklin then made a statement. He had performed his duty, and if the train men deserted their posts he could do no more. The militia company was therefore marched to the armory and disbanded.

Rioters Gaining Ground Rapidly.

Baltimore, July, 18.—The strikers at Martinsburg are increasing rapidly, numbering now over 500 men. Scouts just in report a mob of 400 to 500 men between Williamsport crossing and Stile House. Bloody work is expected to-morrow. Troops are moving along slowly and carefully and are now near Washington Junction. At Keyser, strikers received information that a company of militia would probably reach that place on the train east for Martinsburg and resolved that if this company attemped to board any train they would be torn to pieces. At Grafton the strikers are determined and desperate, destroying the company's property by removing hose connecting pins and links. The Mayor of Grafton has issued a proclamation notifying the strikers if they violate the law they will be punished to the full extent of the legal authority. At Sand House, a short distance west of Martinsburg, the strikers have fortified. They are over 450 strong.

Strikers Have Full Control at a Number of Point.

Baltimore, July 18.—The strikers have control of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and stop all freight trains at Keyser, Grafton, Martinsburg and Wheeling. The Matthews' light guard have arrived at Martinsburg and their officers are in consultation with the state authorities. Governor Matthews only came as far as Cumberland, when he returned to Wheeling. The ringleaders of the strikers at Grafton, who made an attack upon the non striking firemen, have been arrested. Vandergreff, shot during the attack on the soldiers at Martinsburg yesterday, has had his arm amputated.

STRIKE ON THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Pittsburg, July 19.—At noon to-day freight train men on the western division of the Pennsylvania railroad refused to go out with their trains. The strike is caused by the company's course in increasing the number of cars on the freight trains. Heretofore a conductor and his crew ran seventeen cars; an order lately issued doubles this number without increasing the strength of the crews. The strikers and their friends, in all nearly 500 persons, assembled at the outer depot and by intimidation have prevented the crews from going out that otherwise would have remained at work. A man while attempting to couple cars was attacked and severely beaten. The ring leaders in this attack were arrested. The strikers then moved out on the line of the road towards East Liberty. A placard posted about the depot, signed by the president of the transmen union, calls a meeting of trainmen at Phoenix hall this evening. It is supposed that this meeting is called for the purpose of taking action on a strike.

Pittsburg, July 19—Evening.—Eighteen trains are now in the Pennsylvania railroad company's yard ready to go out but without crews to run them. The engineers are in readiness but up to this time the company has not been able to get men to take the strikers' places. It is said the strike was not prearranged but was inaugurated by Conductor Ryan's crew who sent word to the dispatcher that they would not take out their train. The dispatcher then asked two yard crews to take it out and they, it is said, refused and were discharged.

Subsequently Conductor Gordon ordered two men to take out a engine, but the strikers cut it loose from the train. Gordon then made another attempt, but the men on the train were stoned away and compelled to desert the engine.

The new order requiring that a double train, provided with two engines and consisting of thirty-six cars, be taken out with one crew went into effect this morning. The strikers claim that by this order two ordinary trains are taken out to Altoona, a distance of 116 miles, instead of to Derry, which is forty-eight miles. Formerly a trip to Derry was considered a day's work, while now the trip to Altoona is considered a day's work. This, they say, would require one crew to do the work of two and would enable the company to discharge one-half their number.

When the trouble commenced at the outer depot this morning a party of the strikers lost no time in getting out to the East Liberty stock yards and had a conference with the train and yard men there, which resulted in the latter joining the strikers. Trains were run up the sidings and left there. The strikers then took possession of the main track and stopped all freight trains east or west. Those coming in from the east were allowed to proceed after the situation had been explained. In order not to blockade the main track it was necessary that some of the stock trains should be pulled up to the sidings to be unloaded and this was done by the Pan-handle engines, as none of those belonging to the Pennsylvania railroad were allowed to be used. The main track at this point is wholly in the hands of the strikers. A west bound freight train was stopped at Brinton's this afternoon by a part of strikers, who had gone there for that purpose. The train was allowed to proceed, the men intimating that they would join the strikers as soon as they reached the city. The excitement along the road is intense and it is feared the Fort Wayne and Panhandle men will join the movement. The strikers threaten to release M'Call, by force, who was arrested for striking Watt. No detention is offered passenger trains and no serious collisions have yet taken place.

The Sheriff's Speech.

Sheriff Fife mounted a locomotive and made a brief address to the men. He said it had been represented to him that certain riotous persons had interfered with the running of trains. He wished to say that such interference must be discontinued. He then read the proclamation of the Governor, and when he had concluded again commanded the crowd to disperse. As he was about to get down from the locomotive a voice shouted, "Give us a loaf of bread;" another voice said, "You're creating a riot yourself;" "we have not stopped any passenger trains." Still another man in the crowd requested the Sheriff to bring out a car of bread, and this created loud laughter and cheers. General Pearson then said that he had been ordered by the Governor to protect these trains so that they might continue to run as usual and he added, "You that know me know that I will obey orders." A voice, "You're but one man." "Yes, I am but one man, but I have troops who will obey my orders, and I tell you gentlemen *these trains must go through.* My troops will have no blank ammunition, and I give you warning of this in time. [A voice, "Neither will we."] I call upon these people here who are not directly interested in this matter to go away, as it is almost always the case in affairs of this kind that the innocent persons are the ones who are hurt. As for myself, I'm going on the first train, and I assure you I'm going through by daylight."

PITTSBURGH SACKED.

A TERRIBLE CONFLICT, WITH MANY KILLED AND MORE WOUNDED.

All the Gunshops Gutted.

[Special Dispatch to the World.]

Pittsburgh, July 21.—The negotiations last night between the strikers and the railway officials came to naught, and only one fruitless attempt was made to move a train. The strikers guarded the depot all night and this morning, and by daylight all idea of compromise was abandoned. The situation, even in the morning, was critical in the extreme, and a collision was expected at any moment. In addition to the Allegheny county infantry on duty last night, two batteries and two troops of cavalry were called out, and two brigades of the First Division at Philadelphia, 1,800 strong, including infantry, artillery and cavalry, under command of Major-General Brinton, were ordered here, and arrived at intervals during the afternoon and evening.

Preparations for the conflict were actively in progress at 6 o'clock, and at that time the military, with Gatling guns and field-pieces, were being concentrated and the strikers reinforced by miners from Wilkinsburg and idle workmen in the east end. More than half the men engaged in the obstruction of the tracks have no connection with the railroad, and all the late accessions are from non-railroaders. The matter began by this time to assume a Communist shape, and the leaders freely declared that 20,000 working men stood ready to join the movement at a moment's notice. Seven out of every ten men one meets openly express sympathy for the strikers, and this includes many merchants and business men. At 3.40 o'clock the First Brigade of Philadelphia, under General Brinton, and headed by Superintendent Pitcrain, left the Union depot for the scene of disturbance at the Twenty-eighth street crossing, marching out along the track, and preceded by the Sheriff and his posse. Expecting to fall in an effort to disperse the strikers, the Sheriff accompanied by some fifteen deputies, expected to attempt the arrests and then to call upon the military for the required assistance. This was understood to be the plan of action determined upon, and a conflict was expected. The party arrived at Twenty-eighth street shortly before 5 o'clock.

When the line reached the depot they immediately cleared the crossing amid the jeers and hootings of the strikers, who widely scattered through the great crowd, there being not less that 5,000 people present. Consultation was held by the officers in commend with Superintendent Pitcrain and the Sheriff, after which the latter proceeded to read the Riot act. Having warrants for the arrest of fifteen of the ringleaders, he proceeded to make an arrest. The particular man for whom the warrant was issued approached, waved his hat, and calling to the crowd and the strikers said, "Give them hell." Immediately a shower of boulders was hurled into the troops and one revolver shot fired into the ranks. General Brinton then ordered his men to fire, and the word went along the line from platoon to platoon until the left of the line was reached, and then the firing was repeated several times. The crowd fled in dismay, and hid wherever it was possible. Immediately after the firing crowds of excited people sprang up, as if by magic, from all directions, and the imprecations against the Philadelphia troops, who were blamed by the strikers and the mob as being responsible for the trouble, were very threatening. It was a noteworthy fact that hundreds of people in no way connected with the railroad expressed their determination to join with the strikers in driving them from the city. These remarks were interspersed with loud and bitter threats that the company's shops, depots and buildings should to-night be laid in ashes.

Sixteen persons killed outright at the Twenty-eighth street crossing or have since died, and thirty or forty were wounded.

Later.—By 11 o'clock the mob had gutted all the principal gun stores in the city, and carried off muskets, rifles, shot guns, small arms and cutlery to the value at least of $100,000 exclusive of the damage to premises. They then formed in line and marched up Pennsylvania and Liberty streets to Twenty-eighth street, where at least thirty thousand people were assembled, and began a siege of the round house, where the First Brigade was, opened through the windows, but no shots were returned from the inside. The yells and cheers that went up from all parts of the city when the alarm was struck and the location of the fire made known, show that the city is in the hands of men animated by the devilish spirit of communism.

2 a. m.—The railroad tracks from Twenty-eighth street in the direction of the Union Depot for a quarter of a mile is one sheet of flame, the Fire Department not being allowed to throw water. The intention is to burn the round-house, where the Philadelphia troops are besieged, and then the Union Depot. There is no doubt but the destruction will be complete and total before morning. There have been several killed and wounded within the last hour.

11 p. m.—A number of citizens went to the Philadelphia soldiers, who are intrenched in the Pennsylvania round-house last night and begged them to leave the city, as a general massacre is feared. They were unable to do so on account of the surrounding mob, and three of the soldiers who attempted to slip out singly were shot and instantly killed.

Later.—Word was passed along the ragged lines of the besiegers that the round-house must be fired. Combustibles were arranged on cars and a burning train at last sent toward the building. At 8.20 the fire from the burning wreck of freight cars communicated with the upper round house, in which seventy freight engines were stalled, and the building and its contents were speedily destroyed. At 8.30 the Union line office caught fire, and in fifteen minutes it was destroyed.

When the round house took fire, either to burn or retreat were the only alternative left for General Brinton's command. One attempt to escape met with a repulse, but after a little, arrangements were made for a second sally. Forming in close column, the brigade sallied out of the main entrance, with guns loaded and bayonets fixed, and moved at double quick down Liberty to Twenty-fifth street, where they turned toward Penn. Here a running fight began. There was a scattering volley of small arms, when suddenly Brinton's command opened a murderous fire with a Gatling gun, mowing great gaps through the dense crowd, killing ten or twelve and wounded twice as many. The soldiers, too, were being stricken down. At Penn street they turned towards the United States arsenal and retreated rapidly, but in tolerable order, pursued by the mob. Reaching the arsenal, they attempted to enter, but the Federal commandant refused to permit them, and they continued their retreat to and beyond Sharpsburg, and are now said to be at the County Workhouse, six miles from the city. An expedition is being fitted out to pursue them. Twelve soldiers are reported killed and twenty or thirty wounded, the causalities being nearly equal on both sides. The exact number of killed and wounded cannot be verified for hours yet.

Two citizens were shot down on Liberty street a short time ago. Passenger traffic on the Pennsylvania road is entirely suspended, and the Union Depot and the adjoining hotels have been abandoned.

Sheriff Fife's dead body has just been brought in from the outer depot.

Major-General Pearson is badly wounded.

It is reported that the Allegheny Arsenal is in the hands of the rioters.

The rioters have captured three pieces of ordnance belonging to Knapp's battery.

New York, July 22.—A private dispatch from Pittsburg, dated Sunday 2 p. m., says the Pennsylvania railroad shops, and the round house at the outer depot have been destroyed together with seventy engines and about two hundred and fifty loaded cars. The destruction is complete. Thirty persons are reported killed. A large number were also wounded. Loss over three million dollars. All appears quiet now.

Pittsburg, July 22.—3 p. m.—The Union depot is now on fire.

Pittsburg, July 22.—The freight department of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railroad and general office of the same company were fired at 4.30 p. m. These are in close proximity to the Union depot.

Last night after the troops took refuge in the round house, finding it difficult to dislodge the military from the building they resolved to burn them out. An order to this effect was issued, and it was carried into execution with fiendish alacrity by the rioters.

While a portion of the mob surrounded the building in which the military had taken refuge large bodies proceeded to set fire to the oil cars, and in a moment the huge volumes of black smoke, which rolled upwards in every direction, told that the work of destruction had commenced. The sight of the flames seemed to literally craze the rioters, some of whom rushed madly about with flaming torches in their hands applying them to the cars indiscriminately.

An alarm was sounded and the department promptly responded but the rioters, who had complete control of the city, refused to permit them to make any effort to extinguish the flames.

Train after train was fired by the infuri-

[Continued on 3rd Page.]

——As spirituous liquors will injure men, so opium or morphia will harmfully effect the baby. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is the remedy for the baby. It is free from opium. Price 25 cents.

Choice Farm

FOR SALE!

The undersigned offer the following choice homestead, near Linden Hall, at private sale. Consisting of

19 ACRES OF LAND,

under fences and in a high state of cultivation. Thereon are erected a 2-STORY BRICK HOUSE, Bank Barn, all necessary outbuildings, with choice fruit on the premises, a cistern and a never-failing stream of running water.

This property is desirably located about ¼ mile from L. C. & S. C. RR., and offers a fine opportunity for any one wishing to retire upon a small farm.

For further particulars apply to

D. C. GINGERICK,
ANNA GINGERICK,
17may3m. Linden Hall, Pa.

Also, a new 2-horse wagon, guaranteed in every respect, for sale, or taken in exchange for young cattle.

W. R. CAMP'S

POPULAR.

Furniture Rooms!

CENTRE HALL, PA.

I manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see my stock.

UNDERTAKING

In all its branches. I keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of my business.

I have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which bodies can be preserved for a considerable length of time.

jul19 tf W. R. CAMP.

ANCHORED

AT OAK HALL.

6TH AND MARKET

STILL TO BE HEADQUARTERS FOR

CLOTHING.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

IN THE OLD PLACE AT THE OLD TRADE.

All the best talent, experience and advantages we can command, continued at OAK HALL, to produce the BEST and CHEAPEST CLOTHING for man and boy.

For sixteen years we have lived at the old corner of SIXTH and MARKET, and the business done there has been so satisfactory to the public and ourselves, that we have decided not to change or move the Clothing business away. The people like the place and we like to please the people, and we believe that we can do it better than ever at the old place.

The sales of the past year far surpassed anything we ever dreamed of, and this puts it in our power to start the Spring of 1877 with a STILL LOWER SCALE OF PRICES, and a class of goods so excellent that we are not afraid to follow each sale with our warrantee, or receive back the goods unworn and hand over to the customer the money paid.

The store has been largely refitted, and there never was such a splendid stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's clothing under the roof, nor were we ever able to sell so cheaply. Our word for it, and we are your friends of sixteen years.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
THE OLD PLACE, 6th & Market, PHILADELPHIA.

HARDWARE

WILSON & M'FARLANE.

NEW AND CHEAP

HARDWARE STORE.

P. B. WILSON, ROB'T M'FARLANE. BELLEFONTE, PA.

We have opened a new and complete stock bought in New York and Philadelphia, from the manufacturers from first hands at extremely low prices, which we will sell at the lowest bottom prices, which we will give the people the advantage of. We say and will satisfy that we are the

Cheapest Hardware Store in the country. We have a complete stock of Ranges, Heaters, Parlor and Cook Stoves. Each Stove guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect.

Bar-iron, Nails, Horse-shoes, Norway Nail Rods, warranted of the best quality, We claim we have the best Pure Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, ever offered and the cheapest. Our Stock of Coach and Wagon Materials are of a very superior quality, and cheap, We will sell Saddlery goods as low as they can buy them in Phila. We will keep all kinds of Farmers Implements, Cultivators, Shovels, Plows, Pumps, Pictures Frames, Moulding, Mirrors, Toilet Setts,

Children's buggies, Wagons of all sizes, Oil Cloths, Tubs, Buckets, and Churns,

We have in connection a Tin Shop, Mr. Smith, foreman, in which we manufacture all kinds of Tinware.

Spouting made and put up of the best quality of tin at the lowest prices.

Call and see us and we will substantiate what we advertise, as we shall take pleasure in showing our stock.

Rooms No. 7 and 8, Humes Block, 6 doors north of Post Office, Bellefonte.

WILSON & McFARLANE,

12jul.tf

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

SHORTLIDGE & CO,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHEST PRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

OFFICE AND YARD

NEAR SOUTH END B. E. VALLEY R. R. DEPOT

BELEFONTE, PA.

DUNKLE & AUMAN.

House, Sign, and ORNAMENTAL PAINTERS,

Respectfully announce that they are prepared to do all kinds of work in their line of business, in the neatest and best style. All kinds of

GRAINING,
PAPER HANGING,
AND CALCIMINING,
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Calcimining a specialty. All orders by mail receive prompt attention, and satisfaction guaranteed. Charges most reasonable.

15 feb tf. J. N. DUNKLE & CO., Spring Mills, Pa.

Chas. H. Held,
Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

All kinds of clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Marannville Patent Calendar Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time keeper.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benr's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

——Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolute without pain. may3 tf

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU, THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU'

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN, TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 20 CTS.

We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.
We are selling—CARPETS AT 25 CTS.

We are selling—ING'N CARPTS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARPTS at 30c.
We are selling—ING'N CARPTS at 30c.

We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.
We are selling—INGRAINS AT 35 cents.

We are selling—Damask hall & stair carpets
We are selling—Damask hall & stair carpets
We are selling—Damask hall & stair carpets

We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.
We are selling—Superfine Ingrain at 75c.

We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00
We are selling—Tapestry Brussels at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $2,50

We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $8,00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $8,00.
We are selling—Ladies' Dolmans at $8,00.

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $1,50

We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00
We are selling—Ladies trim'd hats at $2,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,00

We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Ladies Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50
We are selling—Ladies' Button Shoes at $1,50

We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.
We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.
We are selling—Calicoes at 5 cents.

We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts
We are selling—Spool Cotton at 2 cts

We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts
We are selling—Dress Goods at 8 cts

We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents
We are selling—New Spring Plaids at 10 cents

We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25
We are selling—Men's Plough Shoes at $1,25

We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50
We are selling—Men's Gaiters at $1,50

In fact we are selling everything at prices that will convince all that we have touched the very bottom—no trouble to show goods for the purpose of comparing prices. S. & A. LOEB.

Cheapest of All!!

Largest of All!

BEST OF ALL!!!

MAGNIFICENT STOCK OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Wolf's Old Stand.

AT

AT CENTRE HALL,

OVER 5000 YARDS OF CALICO, WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THIS SECTION.

We have the Goods! Prices Low! Selection Unsurpassed!

And we now extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons, and the public generally. Come! we will show you the BEST SELECTED STOCK, At prices lower than usual.

A full line of Dry-Goods,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Wood and Willow Ware, Hats and Caps, and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above lines.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand.

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

WM. WOLF.

IMPORTAN TO TRAVELERS.

—THE—

**BUSH HOUSE

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY JULY 26, 1877.

☞ TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2,50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 10cts per line for three insertions, and 5cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 893, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sec'k. H. F. SAXMT, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 337, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sec't. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 56, P of H, meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 1 P. M. and every two weeks after. Leonard Rhone Master. C. W. BEAR Sec'k.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——STORE ROOM FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the store-room, known as Herlacher's old stand, at Centre Hall, for rent. The stand is a desirable one in all respects. Possession can be had any time after April 1st, by applying to J. HENRY KELLER at Centre Hall. tf.

——Mr. John Bair, of Millheim, has a silver quarter dated 1777. He thinks of carrying it until next Centennial. So he should.

——A report from Snyder county concerning the harvest says it was soon gathered. Some was cut with the sickle and some mowed and gathered like hay into the barn. Other tracts barely paid for their reaping.

——It is at Boyer's store, Aaronsburg, where the people of the lower end get their cheap goods.

——The Millheim band gave Mr George Fowler a marriage seronade, one day last week, at his home in the mountains and got off with $12 and a good supper. Mr. Fowler is none of your three cent men, but openhearted and liberal.

——On Mouday forenoon last Mr. Wm. Smetzler, of near this place, while assist- James M'Cormick, in hauling in grain accidentally fell from the loaded wag on and the front wheel passed over his body. Medical aid was at once sent for, and before the physician reached Mr. M'Cormicks, Mr. Smetzler had died from the injuries received.

——Miss Slavic, living with Rev. Bouse, in this place, on last Thursday fell from a cherry tree, sustaining a fracture of the arm above the wrist.

——Read Mr. Camp's new advertisement, all ye who are in want of furniture or coffins.

——Read the new ad. of Hicks & Bro., great hardware dealers, and who always give you the worth of your money.

——Heisler's Marble Works at Bellefonte get the most and best orders in the country because they do the best work. Their couches, tombstones, and monuments are to be seen in many cemeteries at a distance, and their work is equal to any you can get in the city and at less cost.

——Potatoes promise a good crop, and some predict prices down to 25c per bushel.

——The favorite place of Centre county housekeepers to get their groceries, is at Sechler's they get them fresh, any thing they want and at living prices.

——The Journal man is on a trip—lager will be high now.

——There might have been a terrible accident the other day. A two horse team, with men and women in it, started down street in Bellefonte, at a fast rate, bringing every-body out of doors expecting to see a big smash, but the team stopped right in front of Sechler's grocery, and all hands got out safe, and purchased a big supply, at about the lowest figures. The party only were in a hurry to get to Sechler's, for fear too many other customers would get ahead, and hence drove fast.

——The G. A. R. of Lewisburg have made positive arrangements for a grand Railroad Excursion to Spring Mills on Thursday, July 26. The rates will be the same as at the 4th of July excursion.

——"Harper's Magazine" for August is already to hand, and is a welcome visitor, abounding in excellent reading matter and fine engravings. It will well compensate for the time spent in its perusal, and pass a leisure hour away pleasantly. It is one of the best publications of the day. Terms $4 a year. Published by Harper & Bros., Franklin Square, New York.

——A local editor of a paper in the western part of the state spoke of a bride's trousseau being the loveliest he had ever seen. The "intelligent compositor" created a commotion in the community by setting it up "trowsers."

——Two pounds of black bread and one-quarter pound of fresh meat, or bacon in lieu thereof, with garlic, salt, and plenty of tea, seem to be the daily rations of the Czar's soldiers. Occasionally they are treated to a sort of coarse sweat bean. The Turkish soldiers are wonderfully easy men for a commissarint, to satisfy. They will fight for weeks on meal or bruised Indian corn, If a grocery like that of Sechler & Co., were handy to these soldiers how lucky they would feel and how much better they would fare.

——Mr. Baldwin, General Superintendent of the Penna RR., P. & E. Division, with other officials, was up to Spring Mills, one day last week to inspect the new road, and seemed to be satisfied with the work.

——THINK OF THIS.—Out of one hundred thousand bottles of Jamaica Vegetable Health Elixir sold last year, $1,000 were saved to the purchasers. This is one reason that we sell this valuable medicine at ninety-nine cents a bottle; and another reason is that we desire to attract public attention to it wherever it is not generally known. For all common diseases, such as headache from disordered stomach, constipation, loss of appetite, indigestion, billiousness, and a debilitated state of the system from impoverished blood, this remedy stands without a parallel. Regular size and sample bottles for sale by F. P. Green, Bellefonte.

——The Union county Harvest Home is to be held near Lewisburg, Aug. 15., as will be seen from the following which we extract from the proceedings of a meeting of the executive committee, held in Lewisburg, on 14:

This organization then by a hearty, unanimous vote passed a resolution cordially inviting the citizens of the counties of Centre, Snyder, Lycoming and Northumberland to participate in this Harvest Home Basket Picnic on Wednesday, Aug. 15, with the hope that they will respond in large numbers, and thus show that this invitation was well received.

A resolution inviting all the bands of the county to be present was unanimously adopted. A committee on Music was appointed, to wit—Messrs A. M. Lawshe, S. W. Burg, A. S. Burrows, and Howard Beaver—whose duty it will be to ascertain at what terms the bands in their respective neighborhoods can be secured. This information to be furnished the Secretary as soon as possible.

The Committee on Securing a grove was instructed to act as a Committee of Arrangements.

Motion passed that each member of this organization immediately solicit funds to pay for speaker, bands, and other necessary expenses. That they so divide their respective districts as not to conflict with each other in soliciting subscriptions. A committee was appointed to select a suitable grove. After visiting several spots, the committee reported in favor of Col. Slifer's grounds, in Kelly township, about a mile and a half west from Lewisburg.

——We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1,25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

——FOR SALE.—a new Golden Tongue Organ, warranted. Will be sold very low. Inquire at this office. tf.

——From the Tyrone Democrat we learn that the steam saw mill of Hugh Adams, several miles northeast of Mill Creek, Huntingdon county, was destroyed by fire on Saturday a week. About 75,000 feet of lumber was also destroyed. The mill had not been running for several weeks, and the fire is believed to have been the work of an incendiary.

COLLEGE TWP., July 18, 1877.

FRED. KURTZ, ESQ.,—*Dear Sir*:—Our wheat harvest is over and crop better than expected; I never saw better filled heads. Our hay crop was good wherever the land was in good order, so with oats and all our root crops—the latter now very promising. Neighborhood very healthy, allowing Doctors a chance to go off for a while and recuperate. Business men complain of dull times. Farmers and manufacturers feel encouraged with prospect ahead, and it will show itself very soon if the European war becomes general, and the impression is that it will help our grain market at all events.

All good railroad men feel disgusted with the way the road has been managed, and its friends treated after waiting four years, now behold a crop of weeds. Why stop at Spring Mills? Do you think it is depending on Bellefonte to go on, there is no go. Is there no remedy for us to get the through road to Tyrone, which was promised six years ago, in good faith? Has not the time come to give up the Bellefonte branch that Centre Hall and Lemont have been so vigorously urging as a terminus to the L. C. & S. C. RR. so long? I almost stood alone on this line in dissgreeing on that arrangement, but took no active part, for what influence can a farmer exercise these times without plenty of money? But why should not the business men, farmers and all others interested on this line of the railroad favor a petition to the P. RR. Co. to extend on west of Oak Hall, the connecting link, only 10 miles ungraded, to Penna Furnace. This is what the majority of the citizens of Harris and College townships want. The State College and the people of Ferguson will do something more, I think, should the proper effort be made. Penn'a Iron Works will soon be under way making the best iron in the state, and would do something to get coal cheap. I do contend that the iron ore interest of our valley and the educational advantages of having a railroad passing by State College, is of such great importance to all good citizens of Centre county, that it will bring the Bellefonte branch, so much desired by us all, right along, there is no doubt, and we would get what we all subscribed our money for. HUSBANDMAN.

ZION AND SUBURBS.

William Royer, a youth about seventeen years of age, residing in this town, fell from a fence on the evening of the 16, and broke his right arm, near the wrist. Dr. P. S. Fisher reduced the fracture.

A Select school, under the efficient management of Mr. David Brown, will be opened in Hublersburg, shortly. Exactly what that town needs.

We are sorry to notice the enthusiasm of the Murphyites in our little town so rapidly declining. It would be highly important, we think, for them to have their Nebraska friend come back and repeat his lecture, or else have some other temperance apostle to give them a seasonable exhortation. Squire Pennington, a citizen of near Hublersburg is quite low at present with consumption.

A party of thieves entered the dwelling of Mrs. Polly Garbrick, of this place, and introduced themselves to the contents of her purse; of the amount we are not informed. They also attempted to gain entrance into a neighboring house, but it is supposed they were disturbed before they were able to complete their malicious scheme.

The Walker township school board, at late meeting held at Hublersburg, voted a reduction of from $35, sum per month last year, to $30, on the teachers' for the current year. We observe that in many places througout the county, and even the State, boards of education are reducing the salaries of teachers, thus evincing that the pressure of the times are affecting even our educational interests. We, however, deem it quite injudicious of directors to decrease the wages of their teachers if it can otherwise possibly be avoided; for we hear many teachers who have long since distinguished themselves as first-class men in the school-room refusing to accept schools for such a low reward—and this certainly will be detrimental to the speedy progress of the cause of education.

CON DENCER.

SUCCESSFUL PURSUIT OF A HORSE THIEF.

The following is the telegraphic account of the capture of the thief who stole Senator Peale's horse, referred to in last week's Reporter.

Curwensville, Pa., July 15.—On the night of July 5 Stewart Walker, a horse thief, entered a stable owned by Senator S. R. Peale, Lock Haven Pa., and stole therefrom Mr. Peale's saddle mare, valued at $500. He was followed by Deputy Sheriff Westbrook and Constable Harvey from Lock Haven, through Centre county to Clearfield, and at a point named Stoneville, in Clearfield county, was surrounded by citizens but made his escape, and headed for Brookville, where he expected a horse race on Saturday, the 14th. On Friday night Westbrook telegraphed ahead and had the road guarded, and at two o'clock a. m. Walker made his appearance in Curwensville, where two men made an attempt to arrest him. In an instant Walker turned the horse and crossed the bridge on the south side of the river and followed the road leading to Cherry Tree for about four miles, when he was followed by two men named Enos and Alfred Bloom, who routed Walker from a thicket near Bloomington. Walker starting to run, the Blooms fired three rifle shots, the last of which took effect in the left side, cutting the left lung. Walker then surrendered and told the party where the mare was, and at eight o'clock Saturday evening the Blooms arrived here with the horse and thief, who are now in charge of the officers who followed them from Lock Haven.

St. Nicholas, the great favorite of the boys and girls, is with us for August, 1877. Its opening story, "The Coral-fisher and his Wife," is a pleasant tale of Italian life depicting the *dolce far niente* so dear to the Italian heart. This number also contains scraps of natural history, poetry and other very pleasing stories; it is very ably conducted by Mary Mapes Dodge. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

In Scribner's Monthly for August 1877, we have among many other articles the following from well known pens: "Assyrian Night Song," by Bayard Taylor, from the xxii—xxiv chapters of J. G. Holland's pleasant story. "Nicholas Minturn;" "Smethurstes," by Francis Hodgson Burnett; "Two Kings," by R. H. Stoddard; "Some Japanese Melodies," by Clara Louise Kellogg, "Smart Among the Buckeyes," by Hjalmer Hjorth Boyeson. Other articles of interest and instruction tend to make this "Midsummer Holiday Number" a success. Scribner & Co., New York.

——On Saturday night, last, a barn and several outbuildings belonging to Mr. Chas. Warner, near Woodward, this county, was entirely destroyed by fire. Besides the buildings, five tons of hay, two wagons and a lot of poultry were burnt. In was insured to the amount of two hundred dollars in the Penns Valley Company. Cause of the fire is unknown. Supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. H. M.

——The best pleased woman we have seen for a long time was one the other day who bought her groceries for the first time at Sechler's. She said they were so nice and cheap.

The RR. Strike—continued from 2nd page.

ated crowd, but the cars were so far distant from the round house that the best did not seriously affect the military, although their position was one of peril. Finally a large party of strikers captured a car filled with coke which they run from the Allegheny Valley road track to a siding connecting with the Pennsylvania road. They then procured large quantities of petroleum and pouring it over the coke, ignited the materials, and in a very few minutes the car was a mass of fire and it was then pushed along the tracks and forced against the round house. The building was soon ignited, and the soldiers were now compelled to prepare to fight their way out through the frenzied mass of humanity clamoring for their blood.

In the round house were 125 first class locomotives which had been housed in consequence of the strike. These were totally destroyed, but even the immense loss which will be sustained in this item, it is but a trifle in the damage done. The scene transpiring on Liberty street, along the line of which the tracks of the railroad run, simply beggar description. While hundreds were engaged in firing the cars and making certain of the destruction of the valuable buildings at the outer depot, thousands of men, women and children were engaged in pillaging the cars. Men armed with heavy sledges would break open the cars and then the contents would be thrown out and carried off by those bent on profiting by the reign of terror reigning.

The street was almost completely blockaded by persons laboring to carry off the plunder they had gathered together. In hundreds of instances wagons were pressed into service to enable the thieves to get away with their goods. Mayor M'Carthy early in the day endeavored to stop the pillage but the handful of men at his command was unable to control the crowd, who were desperate in their anxiety to secure the goods. The pillage was checked but the mob fired the cars and then proceeded with the work of destruction.

All the outer depot buildings and shops were burned; also 140 locomotives, and over 1000 freight cars, the Union depot and immense grain elevator are burned, with much other property.

The loss is estimated at three millions of dollars. The city of Pittsburg must pay for all property destroyed by the mob.

The latest we hear is that the Pittsburg mob is now under control.

All railroad towns are more or less feverish with the strike, and much uneasiness prevails.

At Bellefonte there was also some warm blood about it.

Elsewhere on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Altoona, Pa., July 21.—The strikers here during the day were very quiet, although they were successful in keeping a couple of local trains from starting out. This evening at 5 o'clock a train of soldiers arrived, en route for Pittsburg, when the strikers congregated on the railroad and attempted to keep it from starting, but the train got off and while it was moving out the strikers threw stones and fired a number of shots at it. Several soldiers returned the fire, but no one was hurt. After the train left the rioters dispersed along the railroad in squads, and since then everything has been quiet. No more trouble is apprehended to-night, as no freight trains are running to-night.

Philadelphia, July 21.—There is no excitement about the West Philadelphia depot to-night. Trains are running on regular time, and but for the presence now and then of a detachment of soldiers on their way to Pittsburg no one would suppose anything was going on out of the usual routine.

THE STRIKE SPREADS.

The Pan Handle, Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and Baltimore and Ohio Hands of the Iron City Join.

PITTSBURG, July 20.

The result of to-day's work of the strikers shows that they are more powerful and determined than was supposed. The entire Sixth Division, National Guards of Pennsylvania, which includes the Fourteenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Regiments, Knapp and Hutchinson Batteries and Jefferson Cavalry, is out. The have little to do, for unless violence is used they cannot interfere. The strikers work quietly, with little intimidation and no force. They jump on an engine, tell the engineer they are on a strike and ask him to help them, which he does. The strike this afternoon and to-night has extended to the Pan Handle, Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago, and Baltimore and Ohio Railroads branching from here. The Pan Handle authorities sent nearly all their crews to Dennison to prevent them from striking but it had no effect, as the strike was inaugurated there. The Pan Handle has now only one crew between here and Dennison.

All the Trains Stopped at Buffalo.

Buffalo, July 20.—All passenger and freight trains on the Erie Railroad, except on the Falls branch, have been abandoned. Tickets now issued will be honored by the New York Central, and tickets issued by the Erie Road over the Atlantic and Great Western will be honored by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern or the Buffalo and Jamestown Roads. All is quiet in this vicinity,

THE SITUATION IN MARYLAND.

Fifth Regiment Attacked—They Fire into the Crowd.

The following dispatch was received in this city from Baltimore by officials of the Pennsylvania railroad:

The Fifth Maryland Regiment was ordered out this afternoon to go to Cumberland, and while on their way to the depot they were attacked by a mob on Baltimore street.

Several Persons Killed and Wounded.

They fired killing eight or nine persons The Sixth Maryland are now marching to the aid of the Fifth who are threatened by the mob, and the best judges say it is worse than 1861. This action of the rioters will cause the Maryland regiments to take the most vigorous measures, and it is thought the United States Government will immediately send additional forces to Baltimore, and most thoroughly and effectually squelch every vestige of the riot. This decided action will have a very beneficial effect on the rioters at other points.

THE SITUATION IN NEW YORK.

All Trains on the Erie Road Abandoned.

Buffalo, July 20.—All passenger and freight trains on the Erie Railroad except on the falls branch have been abandoned Tickets now issued will be honored by the New York Central and tickets issued by the Erie road over the Atlantic and Great Western will be honored by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern or Buffalo and Jamestown roads. All quiet in this vicinity.

Orders have been received at the Erie Railway shipping office to take no stock for shipment east to-day, on account of the strike.

The stock shipped yesterday, it is said, will go through on the trains reaching Hornellsville, when the men will quietly quit them.

Late last evening, a meeting of firemen and breakemen was held in Hornellsville, at the close of which a message was sent by its chairman to the Superintendent of the Erie Railway, notifying him that men on the Western, Susquehanna and Buffalo Divisions had resolved to quit work at one o'clock this morning. The Superintendent proceeded at once to Hornellsville, arriving there this morning, and found strikers had quit work, and had taken measures to prevent any train, passenger or freight, from leaving or passing through Hornellsville, east or west. Simultaneously, firemen, brakemen and switchmen at Salamanca on the Western Division quit work, and when Mr. Begge, Superintendent of that division, who had started out from Dunkirk for Hornellsville with a special train arrived at Salamanca his engine was cut loose from the train and put into the engine house, and the strikers notified him that no engine or train would be permitted to pass Salamanca. At Andover station, on the Western Division one of the striking firemen took engine 12 and went out on the road without orders or permission from the company, and on the time of trains, intending, he said, to go to Hornellsville.

THE SITUATION IN OHIO.

Volunteers Called Out.

Columbus, July 20.—Governor Young had called four military companies to suppress the strikers on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Central Ohio divison, at Newark. The companies are from Mt. Vernon, Circleville, Zanesville and Springfield. The Governor has issued a proclamation, commending the strikers to desist from personal intimidation, and interfering with property.

THE FRIDAY NIGHT RIOT.

A Communist Conflict in Every Sense of the Word.

Baltimore, July 21.—From the thousand versions of the outbreak of Friday night I have sifted the true story of the disturbance. A half-scared band of militia, huddled together like sheep and moving through the principal street of the city with no approach to military order, was hounded and stoned by a howling mob, and firing into the crowd killed men, women and children, the majority of whom were passing about their business or were merely lookers-on. But few of the mob were even touched by the whistling Minie bullets.

A RUSSIAN DARE-DEVIL.

Among the officers on the Grand Duke's staff is a tall, handsome man with a lithe slender, active figure, a clear blue eye, a large, prominent, well-shaped nose, and a face young enough for a second lieutenant. It is Skobeleff, the youngest General in the Russian army, the conquerer of Khokand. He has the reputation, even among the Russians, of being a madman who will fling away his own life and those of his soldiers without the slightest regard for consequences. During the war which resulted in the conquest of Khokand, a Russian detachment of 800 hundred men, with 400 Cossacks, was compelled to retreat before a superior force of the enemy. Gen. Trotsky decided upon a night attack, and confided his plan to Col. Skobeleff, then his chief of staff. The latter entered into the idea with great enthusiasm, and proposed to lead the attacking column himself, and to take only 150 Cossacks. Skobeleff, having reconnoitered the ground, perceived that the Khokandians had encamped within a mile and a half of the Russians in an open plain, which gave every facility for the manoevreing of cavalry. At midnight he took his 150 Cossacks, divided them into three parties, and cautiously surrounded the enemy's camp. The party, led by Skobeleff himself, managed to pass the enemy's outposts, who were sound asleep. Then he gave signal for the attack by firing his pistol, and followed by his 150 Cossacks, he rode headlong into the enemy's camp of 6,000 or 7,000 men, shouting and yelling like fiends, and cutting down everything in their passage. For a quarter of an hour the plain resounded with shrieks and yells, shots, the trampling of horses, shouts and groans, and all the uproar of battle. Then all was silence. Skobeleff assembled his Cossacks, and when morning came he found that the whole army of the enemy 6 or 7,000 men, had disappeared, leaving on the field about 40 dead, 2,000 or 3,000 muskets and sabers, all their camp material, and baggage. But what was his astonishment on calling the roll to discover that he had not lost a man either killed or wounded. Mr. MacGahan, who first met him on the banks of the Oxus, relates this exploit to show how much method there is in this dare- devil's madness.

A MONTENEGRIN LAMENTATION.

The Montenegrins bravely and with success defended their country when it was recently invaded by three Turkish armies; but many were there dead, and great was the sorrow of the women of the land. The dirge of the women is a remarkable one. It was while at Ostrog, after a severe battle on the frontier, that a correspondent of The London Times first heard it. A young man died in the hospital in the night, whereupon his mother and two sisters began to shriek forth their grief. Their wild frenzy was horrible to listen to, and at last the Montenegrin Prince, who was sick, sent a soldier to them with a request that they should cease their lamentations. They did so; but early in the day the body was taken to a cemetery close by, and as the earth closed over it the outbreak began again—the women scratching their faces, beating their breasts, and lamenting in shrill voices which could be heard a mile away. The lament is a matter of form and does not in the least indicate the intensity of sorrow; the wife, indeed, not being permitted by custom to take part in this show of feeling, and the men considering it undignified to take any other than accompanying the body on the return to the house. There was something in the lament which was interesting from a certain point of view. It was metrical; a short, ejaculatory, three-feet verse always repeated in the same modulations—a monotonous chant. The women on returning home will consider it their duty to continue their lament for weeks or months when they are journeying from place to place, and especially when in the presence of others. Solitude seems to extinguish the lamentation, but if two relatives in bereavement meet, they embrace, and then, leaning against each other, renew the chant in sympathy, if not in harmony.

Stonewall Jackson slept a great deal, though the men of his command believed that he never took repose. Whenever he had nothing else to do he slept, especially in church. He could sleep anywhere and in any position, on a chair, under fire or on horseback. During a night-march towards Richmond, after the battle with McClellan, writes Colonel Kyd Douglas, in the Pennsylvania Times, "he was riding along with his drowsy staff, nodding and sleeping as he went. We passed by groups of men sitting along the roadside, and engaged in roasting new corn by fire made of fence-rails. One group took us for cavalrymen, with an inebriated captain, and one of the party, delighted at the sight of a man who had found whiskey enough to be drunk, sprang up from the fire and, brandishing a roasting-ear in his hand, leaped down into the road and, seizing the General's horse, cried out, 'I say, old fellow, where the devil did you get your liquor?' In an instant, as the General awoke, the fellow saw his mistake; and then bounding from the road he took the fence at a single leap, exclaiming, 'Good God, it's old Jack!' and disappeared in the darkness."

Why is a four-quart measure like a lady's side-saddle?—Because it just holds a gallon.

Why is the first chicken in a brood like the foremast of a ship?—Because it comes just before the main hatch.

Why is paper money more valuable than gold?—When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it still in creases.

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patents; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Stoves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—June 18 by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $9 50.
" retail, $10 00.
White wheat, 1 50.
Red " 1 50.
Rye, 60.
Corn, shelled, 50.
Corn, nob, 50.
Oats, 35.
Barley, rye weight, 55.
Cloverseed $5 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 1 25
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

July 4th, 1877.

D. F. FORTNEY, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Learning that J. L. Spangler, Esq., will not be a candidate for re-nomination for the office of District Attorney, and knowing the importance of having a competent and experienced Attorney to prosecute the pleas of the commonwealth, we would respectfully ask you to be a candidate for said office.

Respectfully, Yours,

Joseph L Neff.	John Grove.
M J Dolan.	J S Dauberman.
John Rishel.	John R Taylor.
P H Barnhart.	Wm Wolf.
H H Twitmeyer.	J M Gilliland.
John Woods.	G S Goodhart.
A W Reese.	W B Mingle.
James Murray.	J G Meyer.
W H Graham.	J B Fisher.
S F Foster.	E G Krumrine.
Joseph Fox.	J G Sankey.
B F Shaffer.	John W Gardner.
Joseph Schnell.	S F Kline.
W T. Speer.	A Weber.
Fred Smith.	Geo H Wistar.
H C Yeager.	Thomas Butler.
Michael Shaffer.	J E Sperring.
Elias Yonada.	James Hogan.
Thos Wood.	J H McElwaine.
J A Woodward.	Geo Speering, J P.
Geo Swartz.	P W McDowell.
Wm M Marshall.	W G Comeford.
J. B. Ard.	Levi Krebs.
Wm. H. Fy.	T. G. Archey.
C S. Danley.	A G. Archey.
J. R Smith.	John F. Krebs.
D. H. Kustonborder.	Robert P. Craig.
J W Runkle.	Owen McCann.
John Wiser.	Ambrose McMullin.
Wm. Richards.	Joseph Garbrick.
James Morrison.	J H Morrison.
Philip Spotts.	D. Z. Kline.
A S Williams.	B Galbraith.
Philip Williams.	Daniel Lucas.
W H Williams.	Samuel Brickley.
Wm Lewis.	Conrad Fry.
James Walk.	E. E. Young.
Geo. R. Williams.	David W Miller.
J G Jones.	John H. Keller.
Patrick Maher.	Jacob Keller.
Terrence McAlarny.	J. C. Sample.

Bellefonte, July 17, 1877.

To J. B. Fisher, John Grove, H. C. Yeager, Joseph Fox, B. F. Shaffer, John Rishel, Samuel Brickley, Philip Williams, W. B. Mingle, Hon. J. G. Meyers, Jos. L. Neff, Levi Krebs, and others.

Gentlemen.

Yours of recent date received. In accordance with your request I will be a candidate for the office of District attorney. I am

Very Respectfully Yours,
DAVID F. FORTNEY.

Announcement.

We are authorized to announce J. M. Keichline, Esq., of Bellefonte, as a candidate for District Attorney. Subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

THE GAME; AND FISH LAWS.

Black bass may be taken any time with rod, hook and line.

Wild ducks may be killed any time.

Wood and summer ducks may be killed any time from Oct. 1st to Jan. 1st. Twenty-five dollars penalty for catching wild duck with net.

Fish can not be taken from any set net, fish basket, pound net, gill net, or anything in the nature of seines in any waters of the state, except tidal waters, with gill nets, whose meshes are under three inches under a penalty of $25.

There shall be no fishing or hunting on Sunday, under a penalty of $25.

Pidgeon, or passenger pheasant may be killed from Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Hare and rabbits may be killed from Oct. 15 to Dec. 15.

Plover may be killed from August 15 to January 1.

Quail may be killed from October 25 to December 15.

Squirrels may be killed from July 1 to January 1.

Speckled trout may be killed from April 1 to August 15.

Woodcock may be killed from July 4 to January 1.

Lake trout may be killed from March 1 to December 1.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.

The next Term of this well-known institution will open on Monday, July 23. All the Academic branches taught, and students prepared for college. Locality healthy, and good boarding can be had at low rates. Tuition reasonable.

12jul 3t D. M. WOLF, Principal, Penn Hall, Pa.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!! S. T. Shugert, having purchased the Drug store on Allegheny street, Bellefonte, next door to the hardware Store of Hicks & Bro., has stocked and filled it out with all the most popular

DRUGS & MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY
SOAPS, COMBS AND BRUSHES,
TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS, BRACES
FANCY AND TOILET
ARTICLES, &c., &c., &c.

Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purpeses only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

This Store will remain under the direction of the accomplished druggist and pharmacist heretofore connected with it, Mr. H. M. Herrington, and we respectfully solicit the custom of our friends and the old patrons of the store.

19aptf S. T. SHUGERT.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

Whereas the Hon. Charles A. Mayer, President of the court of Common Pleas, in the 25th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre, Clinton and Clearfield, and the Honorable Sam'l Frank, and the Honorable John Divens, Associated Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 14 day of Aug. A. D., 1877, to me directed for holding a court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Aug. being the 27rd day of Apr 1877, and to continue two weeks.

Notice is therefore hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of the said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, with o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the Jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Jan., in the year of our Lord, 1877, and in the 101 year of Independence o the United States.

LEVI MUNSON, Sheriff.

SPRING, - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

Selection Unsurpassed! Stock Large.

And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK

AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

and if we cannot prove that it is to your interest to patronize us, then don't buy; but come and satisfy yourself.

We have opened a full line of

DRY GOODS

Clothing, Carpets,
Boots & Shoes, Groceries,
QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, HATS AND CAPS,

and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above line.

We will beat everything in prices and assortment, and our past, we trust, will be a sufficient guarantee to our patrons of fair and honest treatment. We have established and will maintain our reputation. The large trade we do enables us to get fresh goods daily, which is a great advantage to our patrons in all lines, and more especially in Groceries. Call, and it will prove to your interest.

VALENTINES & CO.

H. HERMAN, Manager.

5 PER CT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH!

WE HAVE, AT PRESENT, ON OUR COUNTERS, A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED STOCK OF DRY GOODS, WHICH WE ARE OFFERING VERY LOW TO CASH BUYERS.

OUR LINE OF MOURNING CALICOES IS COMPLETE.

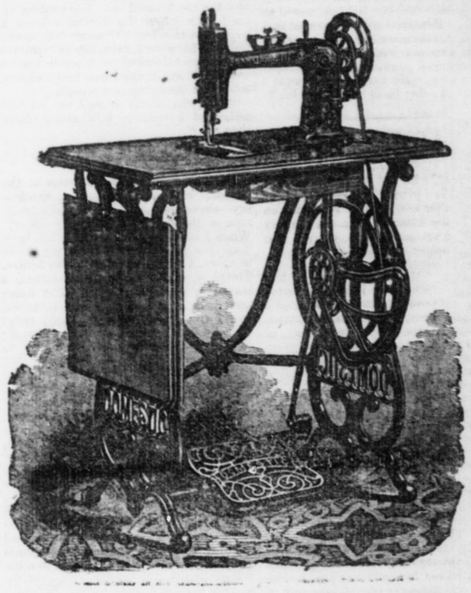
Bengal Plaids,	12½c	per yd.
Star Mills,	15c	"
Alpacas, 75, 50, 45, 25c		"
Clark's O. N. T. Thread,	75c	per doz.
Men's Shirting, 12½, 15, 20c		per yd.
Bleached Muslin,	5 to 16c	"
Unbleached,	5 to 10c	"
Sugar,	10, 11, 12c	per lb.
Best White,	12½c	"

Cotton Lops, 15, 22 and 28c "
Calicoes, 6, 7, 8 and 9c "
Lancaster Ginghams, 10c "
Best Cotton Carpet Chain 25c "
Bed Ticking, 14, 20, 25, 38c per yd.
Split and double Zephyr
Black and White, 18c per oz.
All other colors, 20c "
Germantown Wool, 12½c "
A large stock of Linseed Oil, White Lead, (Lewis'), Putty, etc, on hand. Sold by special contract.

Mackerel, Lake Herring and white Fish very low. TERMS positively CASH, or Country Produce.

Respectfully,
ISAAC D. BOYER,
Aaronsburg.

NEW OPENING!



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26jul

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The next session of the Institute will commence on the last Thursday (26) in July and continue ten weeks. Special attention will be given to those desiring to teach. Tuition, $5 to $8 according to branches studied; boarding $2.50 to $3.00 per week. Address,

G. W. FORTNEY,
july12 4t Centre Hall, Pa.

BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale by J. O. Deininger at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.

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D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney at Law Bellefonte, Pa. Office over Reynolds bank. may 14'69

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Sinking Creek Mills.

This old, and well-known Grist-mill, in Potter township, is now superintended by Mr. D. M. COWHER, one of the best experienced millers in Central Penna, who has rendered the utmost satisfaction wherever he has been, and understands the milling business thoroughly. He WARRANTS HIS FLOUR, and all other work, sent out from Sinking Creek Mills, to give satisfaction, as to quantity and quality. If you want good bread let Mr. Cowher furnish your Grist. Grists delivered to Centre Hall twice a week by mill wagon.

Housekeepers, give Mr. Cowher a trial, and satisfy yourselves of the great superiority of

The Whispered Secret.

A SERVIAN SONG.

Two fond lovers in the meadows meeting
Kiss each other, kiss on kiss repeating;
And, while thinking no third party knows it,
Lo! the meadows near at hand disclose it;
To the white flocks and the grazing cattle
They repeat the tale with busy prattle;
Then the flocks, who heard it with precision,
Print it plainly on the shepherd's vision;
He repeats it to a gay wayfarer
Who in turn becomes the soft tale-bearer;
To a sailor on the sea he takes it;
He into a tuneful song then makes it:
To his ship he sings it in all quarters,
And the ship confides it to the waters;
While the waters, worse than any other,
Rush in speed to tell the maiden's mother.
Then the maiden, all the case discerning,
Thus exclaims, with wrathful blushes burning
"Meadows! Oh, that spring had not arrayed you,—
Flocks! may cruel dogs and wolves invade you!—
Shepherd! thee may Moslem anger vanquish!—
Wanderer! may you walk in constant anguish!—
Sailor! soon may ocean's billows wreathe you!—
Ship! may fire unquenchable insheathe you!—
And thou—to tell a mother of her daughter—
Sink deep in earth, oh, tattling, treacherous water!" —*Joel Benton.*

ETHEL'S TRIALS.

It was only a scanty coal fire, but seen through the open grate it looked bright and cheery, and danced and sparkled on after a fashion of its own, as if trying to put a broad smile on in spite of fate. The room was plain and somber enough in other respects; the floor only half covered with strips of cheap carpeting, the furniture and belongings all of the simplest character. Ethel Hammond sat sewing busily, her dark hair half in shadow.

The light just gleaming upon her face showed it pale and grave, the lips, beautiful in their curve, falling wearily apart, and the long black lashes almost touching the rounded cheeks.

The faint rustle of her work and the occasional dropping of a coal were the only sounds that broke the silence. It was so still that Rose, snuggled down by the fire with her curls drooping over her shoulders, gradually lost all consciousness of her position, and was in some danger of finding said coal in her mouth, imprisoned by a little tongue of flame, saucier than its fellows.

She sighed heavily. Ethel's dark lashes were slowly raised, revealing wondrous, lovely eyes of clearest brown.

"What is the matter, pet?"

"Oh, Ethie"—with another sigh—"I have been thinking how different everything is from what it used to be. When we lived in our old home, I mean, and father and mother were alive, and Robert was there, and we were all so happy together! Don't you remember what dear good times we used to have in the large parlor, before Rob. went off? And now he is gone, and father and mother"—she stopped a moment, but soon resumed—"and you have to work so hard all the time, and—oh, dear, everything is dull and lonely! We never seem to have any good times now. I think even Jip feels the difference, looking fondly down at the little brown spaniel in her lap.

She was just lifting her head when Ethel spoke again.

"Rose, how should you like to go away from here into a large house all our own, with handsome furniture such as we used to have? And go to a good school, and have nice clothes and new playthings. Wouldn't it be pleasant?"

"And Rob.?"

Ethel made a quick gesture.

"Rob. wouldn't have anything to do with it. He is away."

"But isn't he coming home, to bring us all these nice things? I thought that was what you meant, Ethie. Don't you know the night before he went away, how he told what handsome presents he was going to bring home, and the gay times we would have?"

"Rob, child!" interrupted Ethel, suddenly, growing very pale. "That was a long time ago. Robert must have forgotten all about us before this, or he would have written."

"I don't believe it!" retorted Rose, indignantly.

Ethel's eyes grew still more troubled, and she put her hand on her heart, with a sudden, quick gasp.

"If I could! if I only could!" she said to herself.

"Who is going to give us these things, Ethie?" she said at last. "Have any of the men father owed been good, and let us have the money? Mr. Rowe paid one of the debts, would have been enough for us to live on, only the man wanted every cent."

"And I wanted he should have it. Our father's name never should suffer, though it left us poorer than we are now. No, Rose, that is not it, but—you know Mr. Woodward." She hesitated, and, in spite of herself, the scarlet blood mounted to her brow.

"He is rich, and he has asked me to marry him."

"I don't think it would be right for you to give up Rob. and marry that old, homely-looking man, Ethel."

To save her life Ethel could not have met the reproachful gaze of those great, serious eyes.

She looked down as she said: "Yes, Rose, I am going to be married to Mr. Woodward, and this is my engagement ring."

Rose did not speak a word, but for the first time since their double orphanage, she failed to return her sister's good-night kiss.

It was a bright June day when the sisters entered the new home of which Ethel was henceforth to be mistress. If anything could have made her lot more pleasant, surely it would have been the tender anxiety which Mr. Woodward had shown that all Rose's childish desires should be gratified.

Six months of her wedding life went by, and found her at the close peacefully content, growing daily more satisfied with her life and its duties.

The winter holidays drew near. Rose released from school discipline, was like a bird set free. She went dancing and singing about the house, working busily at odd moments on various manufactures of her own intended for surprise presents.

"It is so nice to be rich, and give so many people a 'Merry Christmas,'" Rose said, delighted.

Ethel never forgot one incident of all that bright, joyous, happy time. For ere the New Year's day she had welcomed in so gayly came to a close, Rose lay feverish and restless on her couch with the first symptoms of what proved to be a malignant fever. She had probably caught it in some one of the poor neighborhoods they had visited.

Night and day Ethel watched by her side, one fear ever in her heart, one prayer ever on her lips: "Save her—spare her, oh, God." A vain prayer, for He denied it. There came a morning when Ethel saw her darling's face with only the light of day resting on it, the dark eyes closed, and the lips whereon she pressed wild kisses, cold and breathless.

Nor was that all. Mr. Woodward who had watched unremittingly in the room, was himself taken down with the disease the very day that Rose was buried. Ethel came home from the grave where her sweetest hopes perished to take her place as watcher by another sick bed. Not for long; the fever made more rapid progress here. In less than a week, the strong man was a corpse, and Ethel, utterly crushed by this new blow, was left alone in the world.

Alone to meet poverty no less than sorrow. Mr. Woodward had made no will since his marriage. An old one dated some years back left his property all to distant relatives who were not slow in taking possession. Hard, money making people, none to well pleased with the marriage in the first place, they had no scruples in taking from the young widow all that the law allowed, even though it left her nearly penniless.

So from the elegant house with its luxurious appointments, Ethel went back to one small room, simply furnished with what little she could honestly call her own. Here, alone, despairing, she took up the burden of life again, and recommenced her old routine of daily labor.

She came home one evening more than usually weary. It was a cold, wet night, and she was chilled through from a long walk, carrying home her work.

"She grows more lovely every day with that little, sweet, grieved smile," said Mrs. Hill to herself as she entered to announce a caller, "a strange gentleman who's been here twice before since you went out."

"Some one to see about work probably. Will you ask him up, please?"

She rose languidly, took off her things, and just smoothed her hair without looking in the glass. She was hanging up her cloak, when a step in the doorway made her turn and look round.

A gentleman, tall, brown and heavily bearded, stood there looking at her.

"Excuse me. Will you please be seated?" she said, offering him a chair.

He sat down without speaking, and after waiting a moment for him to do so, she inquired hesitatingly:

"Do you wish some work done, sir?"

A quick smile broke over his face, and gave a new light to the clear, sparkling, black eyes.

"Ethie!"

She started, gave one wild, eager look—and how it was, she never knew, but good Mrs. Hill passing by a moment after, saw through the open door a sight that surprised her not a little—her favorite boarder clasped in the arms of the strange gentleman, and sobbing away as if her heart would break, with her head resting on his shoulder.

"Thank heaven, darling, I have found you at last!" was Robert's first exclamation. "I had begun to think you were lost to me forever." Ethel Hammond's trials were over then.

Fall of a Mountain in France.

A mountain at Saint Foy, in the department of Savoie, France, has fallen. Some days previous indications of the state of the mountain were observed by the inhabitants of the district, but before they had time to retreat, the first crash took place, destroying several hillside hamlets. After the first disastrous movement of earth a series of landslips took place, totally burying several other small villages. The number of hamlets which have disappeared in ruins is about ten, and the rumbling noise with which each additional fall is accompanied is heard at a distance of eight miles. The inhabitants have been able to escape with their lives, but the loss of property is enormous.

A DESPERATE INDIAN FIGHT.

Miners Repulsing a Band of Sioux—One Hundred and Sixteen Braves Killed.

One of the most sanguinary fights with Indians, so far as the number of white men engaged in it is concerned, that we have any record of, took place recently near the south fork of the Little Missouri, according to a Black Hills paper, which gives the following account of the affair:

The facts, as we gleaned them from one of the participants, who reached Gayville, and is now stopping with his former partner, are as follows: About two weeks ago a party of ninety-eight men and two ladies made up of parties from Deadwood, Gayville and other adjacent camps, started for the Big Horn country, with riding and pack animals. One week after, in the afternoon, when nearing the brakes of the south fork of the Little Missouri, they discovered a large band of Indians dismounted, the latter having their ponies off a couple of miles from where they were seen. The miners, anticipating an attack, immediately took their shovels, each man throwing up a breastwork from which he could fight to better advantage. At three P. M. the Indians in large numbers commenced the attack by several feints upon the miners, reserving their main charge until about five P. M. By this time the miners were thoroughly organized, each one unpacking his animal. The Indians charged on the miners on foot, at one time approaching within 200 yards of the entrenched miners. The latter poured round after round of a murderous fire into the Indians from behind their breastwork. For a time the fight was extremely hot, the Indians displaying more than their usual discretion, but the well-directed and effective fire from the well-armed miners was incessant and death dealing for several hours, when the Indians withdrew.

After the fight it was discovered that fourteen of the miners were killed, all of them, with one exception, being shot in the head. Eighteen of the miners' animals were killed or wounded sufficiently to render them useless. One hundred and sixteen Indian bodies lay on the battle field as a trophy of the unerring markmanship of the miners. The Indian horses that were off from the larger herd and closer to the miners were picked off by the long range rifles of the miners. The only portions of the miners' bodies that were exposed were their heads, as they fired from behind their temporary earth breastworks. On the next morning, after a redistribution of the packs of the animals killed, the party proceeded on their journey. As they are desirous of keeping the affair quiet, so as not to discourage the several large parties now organizing here for the Big Horn country, the fight was kept from the public. Our informant was three days making the return trip to Gayville.

A Shrewd Swindle.

Samuel Wheeler is a farmer in a small way in the Berkshire hills, in Massachusetts. Some two or three weeks ago, while at work on his farm, he was approached by a well-dressed, genteel and suave stranger, who introduced himself as an attorney from Albany county. "Your name is Wheeler," says the "attorney." "Yes," was the response. Then the "legal light" went on to tell him that Amos Burton, of New Scotland, had died less than a year ago, and left behind him two magnificent farms in New Scotland, valued at $25,000 each, which were awaiting the coming forward of the next of kin to claim them. The "attorney," in his off-hand, persuasive way, went on to show the hitherto contented tiller of the Massachusetts soil, that he, and he only, was the next of kin, and by the laws of right as well as consanguinity was entitled to the possession of the lordly estate.

The bait took. Although astonished by his unexpected good fortune at first, visions of life as a landed proprietor on a large scale succeeded, and Wheeler eagerly asked the details as to when and how he could get the necessary information so as to take immediate possession. The little preliminary of a fee must first be paid for the trouble the attorney had taken to apprise him of his good fortune, for expenses incurred, and the $100 demanded was quickly handed over. "Write to the surrrogate at Albany," was the injunction of the "attorney," and he will furnish full particulars, or you may call at his office and examine his records for yourself." With that the attorney departed, promising to return in a few days with additional proof. The few days passed, no "attorney" appeared, and Wheeler, preferring to satisfy himself rather than write, retracted more money from his hard earnings, and came to Albany, only to find that he had been duped. His chagrin and mortification at learning that he had been victimized was great, but he departed much wiser than he entered, and will not in future look, as next of kin, for the estate of persons whom he had never heard of before.

The Cossack and His White Scarf.

The Cossack cavalrymen are all comparatively young men and have young wives. Whenever they set out on a campaign, every boy in a white scarf or handkerchief to take with them. At the close of their period of service, they return to their villages and are met by the whole population. Now a wife who has been unfaithful to her lord, kneels down before him in the road, puts her face in the dust, and places her husband's foot upon her neck. This is a confession of guilt, and at the same time a prayer for forgiveness. If the husband then covers his wife's head with the white scarf, it means that he forgives her and agrees to forget her fault. If the white handkerchief is not produced, the woman returns straight to her father's house without again entering her husband's dwelling, and a divorce is pronounced. A war correspondent recounts a tragical story which a soldier told him on the Danube. A returning Cossack was informed by a malicious neighbor before he reached his home that his wife had been unfaithful. His comrades perceived that he had all of a sudden taken to drink and dissipation, although he was not a man given to these vices. When he reached his village his wife, as he feared, came forward, knelt down, and put her face in the dust at his feet. The spectators saw him look at her as she lay in the dust for a long time. Two or three times he put his hand in his breast for the white handkerchief as if he were going to cover the repentant woman's head—two or three times the movement was restrained. Finally, as if driven by a sudden impulse, he drew his sword, and with one stroke severed her head from her body. The punishment for the crime was two months' imprisonment, while the malicious neighbor who had taken the trouble to inform him beforehand of his wife's misconduct was sentenced to Siberia for three years.

What an Old Official Said.

A Washington correspondent writes: The other day I heard a cabinet minister talking to a young chap who wanted a place. "My young friend," said he, "don't apply. Saw wood, drive cows, anything honorable, but preserve your independence. I have a man in my department who has been in forty years."

"Forty years?"

"Yes, every day of it. He came in in 1836. Well, he gets about the same salary he had to commence with. The other day he came to me, saying: 'I ought to have died forty years ago.' 'You don't mean that,' I said. 'Yes,' said he, 'I mean that. I have been buried in this building forty years, and I had just as well been buried in the grave. What's the difference between tombs? Of what advantage have I been to myself in here? I had nothing when I came in, and have got nothing now. I am disqualified for anything. If I was turned out to-day I would starve to-morrow.' So much for a government position that young men are so anxious to get. They had better let it alone."

DRINKING AT MEALS.—Whoever drinks no liquids at meals will add years of pleasurable existence to his life. Of cold or warm drinks, the former are the most pernicious; drinking at meals induces persons to eat more than they otherwise would, as any one can verify by experiment.

Two Mysterious Characters.

In the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., there is an old man who never fails to be in a certain place where he can see the clock on the city hall when it strikes the hour of noon. For many years he has invariably been present, and his coming is regarded by the people there as a sure indication of the near approach of midday, so the old Brooklynite has become the object of much interest and the subject of many a romance.

Baltimore, Md., so far as known, has no eccentric resident whose daily task is to watch the clock at noonday, but within her limits resides an old fellow scarcely less peculiar, and whose idiosyncrasy is not unlike to the crazy Brooklynite. The name of the Baltimorean is Francis Farthing. He resides in a tenement on Eastern avenue, between Eden and Caroline reets. Probably fifty-two years of age, he is bent in form, furrowed in feature, morose in temper, and of a forbidding appearance generally. He has few friends or associates. How he lives is a mystery to his neighbors, as for six years, during which time he has lived alone in one place, he has never done any work, nor has the postman ever been seen to bring him a letter. He takes one drink of whisky daily in a saloon, for which he always pays in coppers, and his frugal meals he buys at a restaurant near by, paying for them always in coin of the same denomination. He goes into his room, it has been observed, nightly at eight o'clock, and emerges as promptly on the hour of half-past ten the next morning. He always takes the same path going for his meals, opens the door, a swinging one, with his left and closes it with his right hand in a peculiar way.

But all these actions are the least noticeable of his movements, and had it not been for one proceeding more pronounced than all the others these might not have been noticed. Regularly at one o'clock every day he passes out of his low-roofed domicile, walks to the corner of Eastern avenue and Caroline street, faces about and walks to the corner of Eden street and Eastern avenue. Then he turns up Eden street to Bank, crosses Bank and takes a stand within a short distance of the pump at the corner of Spring and Bank streets. There he stands enumerating aloud each person who comes to the pump to drink until the number has reached seventeen. Then he turns away, and walking by the same route as before, going to the corner of Caroline street and Eastern avenue, he returns to his house. This he has done for over two years, and perhaps for a longer period, but that is the time his movements were first noticed by his neighbors, who have come now to regard him with but little curiosity. One day not long ago while he was counting at the pump a reporter spoke to him. The old man looked up and resumed his self-imposed task of watching and counting, but said never a word. So old Farthing leads his life of mysterious regularity, and enters himself as the rival of the man who watches the Brooklyn clock.

One Man's Failure.

The following story of a wealthy man's colossal fortune and the manner of his ruin is from the pen of a New York correspondent:

One of the heaviest real estate men has been under the harrow for some months. To-day he has abandoned the fight, and given up everything to his creditors. He was a very successful cotton broker. All the money he made he put into real estate. His revenues were very large. His income was eight hundred thousand dollars a year. One building, near Trinity church, yielded him a rental of ninety thousand dollars per annum. Everything he touched turned to gold. He was loaded down with cotton. One day a merchant handed him a check of three hundred thousand dollars to cancel a contract. He took it. Within ten days cotton surged up and he made a fortune. He owned an elegant house on Fifth avenue. He crowded it with paintings and works of art. Not contented with this he was induced by a speculator to take hold of a railroad. He bought bonds at sixty. Soon after they went down to forty, and the gentleman bought all he could lay hands on. He took the road. He proposed to run it. He found it unfinished. He equipped it; spent three hundred thousand dollars in locomotives and rolling stock. Ruin came to him as it comes to every one who dabbles in outside matters. The panic completed his demoralization. His fine New York property was mortgaged for more than it was worth. To-day he has ceased to struggle. Few men will be warned and few men will be wiser for all this. Here is a man who a few months ago had a royal income of eight hundred thousand dollars a year. He wanted to make it a million. To-day he is hopelessly bankrupt.

A Good Woman.

At the top of the stairs stood a thin, sharp-faced woman, wearing a dirty, faded alpaca dress, with the sleeves rolled up, who asked in a jocular manner the officer if he was after her. Upon receiving an answer in the negative, she led the way into the apartment. Its interior was somewhat better than that of its neighbors, and evidently its occupant had seen better days. But dirty walls, broken plastering, cracked furniture, all attested the extreme poverty. At the back of a room was a door, which, when opened, looked out on the alley, twenty feet or more below. Across the door were nailed strips of board to prevent the children from falling out. Returning to the other room, the woman turned to the swarm of children and cried, in a shrill voice:

"For gracious sake get out of here; why are you all hanging here in that way?"

"Are any of these yours?" asked the reporter.

"Not a bit of it. Mine's growed up. I'm takin' care of a couple of little ones. Their mother died of consumption last week. The poor critter laid sick for weeks up stairs, with no one to take keer of her 'cept myself, and 'fore she died she wanted her husband to go on housekeepin' and get some one to take care of the children. So when she died I took 'em, and I'm takin' care of 'em till their father gets work and a home for 'em, and I shan't charge him anything. The little girl's sick, an' I don't know what ails her." And this woman, surrounded by abject poverty, with but little for herself, was, without hope of reward in this world, supporting and caring for two children of a stranger.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Rooster with a Wooden Leg.

On the farm of Alfred Moore, of Moore's Mills, in this county, says the *Eagle*, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is a rooster which was so unfortunate as to lose a leg just below the first joint. The wound, however, healed, and the rooster managed with difficulty to make his way from place to place. This summer a young man from this city with Mr. Moore became interested in the case and resolved to devote his genius to the cause in the hope of improving the means of locomotion for the rooster. So having captured the fowl, measurements were made and a wooden leg fitted on to the stump. But it did not stay on. Calling into consultation an elderly lady in the family, an improved leg was constructed and secured to the stump of the rooster, this time with success. After frantic endeavors on the rooster's part to kick it off, which only made him fall down, he accepted the situation and now uses the leg successfully. The young man has received the congratulations of his friends, and no doubt would receive the thanks of the rooster was not he (the rooster) deprived of communication with the human family.

Truths Queerly Told.

Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper chamber, if he has common sense on the ground floor.

Advice is like a doctor's pills; how easily he gives them—how reluctantly he takes them, when his turn comes.

Some injudicious folks, instead of encouraging the highly-charged mind and heart, in blowing off verse and bombast, would sit on the safety-valve.

Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger.

CATS AT A FIRE.

The Story Told by the Servant Girls—Behavior of the Felines.

The servant girls who escaped from the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, while it was in flames, tell a singular story about their premonition of a fearful disaster. The girls occupied three different rooms on the sixth story, and about eleven o'clock, after they had all retired and most of them were asleep, a cat came, scratched against the doors and moaned pitifully. As a cat had never before been seen in that part of the house many of the girls were frightened.

Lizzie Leary, a girl strongly superstitious in her inclinations, woke up the other inmates of the room in which she slept, and told them there was a cat at the door acting strangely, and she could not drive it away. She expressed a belief that it was the sign of something terrible going to happen, at which the other girls laughed and ridiculed her. When they opened the door the cat mewed but refused to come in, and in a moment retreated down the hall as if badly frightened.

About twelve o'clock all the girls in that room were awakened by the noise of cats at the door. On opening the door they discovered four felines crouching against and scratching the wall, and moaning low, as if in terror. They procured a broom and endeavored to drive the disturbers down the hall toward the stairway leading to the floors below, but they refused to go in that direction. While making the effort to drive them away the door of the adjoining room, where the other girls slept, was opened, whereupon the cats made a frantic rush into the room, flew under the beds, where they crouched together. By this time a dozen of the girls were awake and highly excited over the strange action of the cats.

The cats refused to move from their position under the bed, neither blows nor persuasive calls having any effect on them. All the cats were recognized as those belonging in the cellars and on the lower floors, where they were used as mousers, and their sudden advent to the sixth floor, together with their unaccountable actions, very naturally aroused the fears of the servants, and the more nervous ones could hardly be persuaded to retire to bed again. It was concluded to allow the cats to remain under the beds, and in a half hour quiet was again restored. When the alarm of fire came the cats were still under the bed, crouching, and there they staid until the girls were rescued by the memorable courage of Michael Hester.

It is said that all the girls now have a firm belief that the visit of the cats was a warning of impending danger, and that they were sent there by some mysterious agency to give a timely premonition. The proper theory, doubtless, is that occupying that part of the lower building where the fire first started, and where it spread and groaned and cracked in a smothered way, perhaps for hours before the general alarm was given, the cats became terror-stricken and sought safety by flight to the upper stories. They stopped at the servant girls' rooms because that was the highest point that could be reached.

The Meek Man a Victor.

There are some meek-faced and tender-hearted men in this city of Detroit, says the *Free Press*. There is one in particular who owns a house and lot in the eastern part of the city. Another citizen, whose face doesn't betray meekness, owns a vacant lot next to him, and a few days ago he wanted to buy the meek-faced man out and build a factory covering both lots. The figures were too high, and he went away feeling mad and revengeful. Coming across a showman who wanted to set up his tent and exhibit a wild man and other interesting specimens of life and death, he gave him the free use of the vacant lot. It was stipulated that a hand-organ should be kept going, bells rung now and then, and if the wild man uttered wild yells occasionally so much the better. When the meek-faced citizen saw the tent put up a tender, forgiving smile crossed his face, and he made for a printing office. About the time the showman was ready to open doors to the anxious public the meek-faced citizen was ready with his signs and tack-hammer.

"Gentlemen, walk in and see the great Kickapoo kangaroo from Kalamazoo!" said the showman.

"Tack! tack!" and up went a sign on the fence reading: "Look out for smallpox!" A second and a third followed, and the meek-faced man was putting up the fourth when the showman closed a bargain with a truck to move him down town. He wasn't over fifteen minutes packing and hauling, and when the lot was clear again the meek-faced citizen sat on his door step and mused.

"He who wants to sell out let him sell, and I wonder how much ahead they are?"

Farmers' Needs.

Mind must be the emancipator of the farmer. Science, intelligence, machinery—these must liberate the white bondmen of the soil from their long slavery. When I look back and see what has been done for the farmer within my sbrief memory, I am full of hope for the future. The plow, under the hand of science, is become a new instrument. The horse now hoes the corn, digs the potatoes, mows the grass, rakes the hay, reaps the wheat and thrashes and winnows it; and every day adds new machinery to the farmer's stock, to supersede the clumsy implements which once bound him to his hard and never-ending toil. When a farmer begins to use machinery and study processes of other men, and to apply his mind to farming so far as he can make it take the place of muscle, then he illuminates his calling with a new light, and lifts himself into the dignity of a man. If mind once gets the upper hand it will serve itself and see that the body is properly cared for. Intelligent farming is dignified living. For a farmer who reads and thinks, and studies and applies, nature will open the storehouses of her secrets, and point the way to a life full of dignity and beauty, and grateful and improvable leisure.—*J. G. Holland.*

An English Centenarian.

Mr. Morgan, an Englishman of 107 years of age, celebrated his last birthday at the Star and Garter, Richmond, surrounded by sixty-seven of his posterity, which numbers 102 in all. Mr. Morgan was five years old when Burke delivered his speech on conciliation with America. He was seventeen when Gibbon was penning the last page of "The Decline and Fall" at Lausanne. Four generations of statesmen have during his life successively come and disappeared. He was eight years old when Chatham fell fainting at his post. He was a boy when "The Rivals" was hissed off the stage, and he was eighteen when Sheridan dashed off from a tavern to deliver his speech on the Onde Charge. He can remember the time when Napoleon was serving under Dugommier, and he was twenty-four when the bloody head of Danton rolled on the sawdust. During a mere episode in his long life Byron blazed out his brief career—Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Canning, Pitt, Fox and others, whose names will "fire men's ears like music till the round world's race be run," passed away.

Wasted Benevolence.

The benevolent old man looked out from the window of the car, and whistled to a newsboy. Three dashed in at the front door, and four in the back. The benevolent old man bought a paper of the smallest boy. In making change the lad dropped two cents. He went down on his knees in an instant and soon found the money. However, he did not cease searching. Suppressed sobs were heard, while he dug his fingers in the holes of the mat. The passengers became interested. "What's the matter, my boy?" said the benevolent old man, lowering his glasses and peering over their rims. "I've gone and dropped a dime, an' I can't find it," whimpered the boy, as he thrust his hand under the seat. "Dad'll wallop me when I gets home." "Never mind, let it go," said the benevolent old man. "Here's another one." The boy took the coin meekly, and, as he passed the conductor, remarked "sold again."

PLANTED.

What the Strange Old Man Knew About the Fate of the Bender Family.

You wouldn't have believed that such a rough-looking old chap could read at all, but after the train left St. Jo he pulled a St. Louis paper from his pocket, settled back in his seat, and for half an hour was busy with the news. All of a sudden he threw the paper down, uttered a wicked oath, and, reaching forward, he touched a fellow passenger on the shoulder and blurted out:

"They are fools, sir, cussed fools?"

"What do you mean?"

He picked up the paper and pointed out a paragraph, which read that old Bender, the Kansas murderer, had been seen in Maryland, and then growled out:

"I'll give $10,000 to any man who ever gits eyes on old Bender, or any o' the rest o' that fam'ly!"

"What do you know about the Bender's?" asked the traveler, greatly interested all at once.

The old man chuckled, as if greatly pleased, but after a moment his face grew serious and stern. Leaning over to get closer to the traveler, he whispered:

"I knew every one o' the fiends, from the old man down! God never made a wuss lot! I lived up in Kansas within twenty miles o' their private burying ground!"

"You did?"

"I did, and I've eaten more'n one dinner in the room where they used to shoot their victims from behind a curtain! Sometimes, when I get to thinking of me sitting at the table in that little room, and old Bender behind the curtain, not twelve feet away, ready to put a bullet through my head, why, sir, the cold chills go over me till it's like having a shake of the ague!"

"But he spared you?"

"So he did, and I never could guess why, 'cept that there are five brothers of us, and he might have argued that the other boys would make a sharp hunt if I was missing. Travelers who didn't wear any better clothes nor I do, and who didn't seem to carry any more money, halted at that devil's hotel for dinner, and were murdered, robbed and put under ground in less'n an hour!"

"Was there nothing suspicious about the house itself—nothing in the looks or actions of the family to put the traveler on his guard?" asked the passenger.

"Yes, there was, and then agin there wesn't. It was a lone house, with no neighbors to spy and meddle; but it was a handy place for one to stop and git dinner. I reckon that a hungry man, riding a tired horse, don't be suspectin' as much as a detective would. Old Bender wasn't purty, but he'd pass muster as well as a thousand others out this way. The only mean thing about him was the way he got around. He didn't pick up his feet like a man, but sort o' slid here and there like a cat. He didn't look ye in the face if he could get rid of it, but looked over beyond ye. Still, I've seen honest men do the same way."

"And the others?"

"Well, less see. There was the old man, then there was an old she fiend around there who was allus knitting stockings and singing songs. She was fifty years old or more, and was probably his wife. Then there was a woman about thirty years old called Kate. She wasn't good looking nor bad looking, and nobody could have told what a bloody heart she had. The papers said she was Bender's daughter, but I don't know. The papers hadn't as many ways of finding out as I had. Some of them never mentioned the old woman at all, and yet she was right there all the time. Then there was one or two chaps hanging around there most o' the time. One o' them passed for Kate's husband. I think the pair had laid in with the old man to open the tavern, help do the running of it and the murdering, and take half the profits. They were a reg'lar gang o' horse thieves, robbers and murderers, and nobody will ever know what relation they were to each other."

"The papers had an awful story to tell when it came out," said the traveler.

"So they had, but they didn't tell it bad enough. Those pale-faced chaps with lead pencils over their ears didn't git around there to see the worst of it. I tell you, sir, there never was such another gang of cutthroats in this country. They had been killing away and killing away for years. Leastwise, some of the bodies had almost gone to dust, and it takes time for that. When a man came along there who looked to have money they popped him over, no matter whether he was a stranger or lived only a dozen miles away. The bodies were buried down cellar and around the house, and I 'spect that we didn't find half o' them. When they first commenced killing they probably took the corpses further away to bury 'em, and were more careful to cover up all signs. I'll give my word that the gang put over twenty travelers out o' the way."

"And what finally aroused suspicion against them?"

"Well, several things. The chap who passed for Kate's husband had too many horses to sell. They got reckless and left revolvers, riding boots, fancy overcoats and other such things in sight. Then Senator Anthony's brother was murdered there, and the crowd who was on the hunt for him tracked him to old Bender's to a dead certainty. The old man stood up as bold as a lion, and even asked them to search the house. If they hadn't been bluffed they would have found two corpses in five minutes' search. I wasn't with that party, but was with a second, and we got around there that night. The Benders had taken the alarm and made tracks."

"Isn't it curious that the family could have escaped the country, when hundreds of men were on the lookout for them?" observed the traveler.

"Wall, yaas," slowly replied the strange old man.

"And how do you account for it?"

He chuckled and looked out of the window. There was an interval of three or four minutes, during which he chewed at his tobacco. Finally he said:

"They won't find old Bender in Maryland, nor in Mexico, nor anywhere else on top the earth, and they needn't look for any 'o the rest o' the gang."

"Are they dead?"

"Purty likely they are, stranger! When you see any more newspaper items about any of the Benders turning up, you jest ax yourself if corpses can turn up and walk around!"

"When you and the others discovered that the family had fled, what did you do?" asked the traveler, hoping to draw the old man's secret.

"Sat right down and sucked our thumbs, of course!" he chuckled. "That's what we did; but some of the rest had more pluck. They started out on as plain a trail as they wanted to foller, and before sunrise there wasn't any further use of anybody hunting for the Benders!"

"Why?"

"Why? Well, what's the use o' looking for anybody after they have been shot full o' holes and planted? I reckon that the old woman quit knitting and singing songs jest about daylight! 'Bout that time, also, Kate and her hoss thief of a husband pulled hair and called each other hard names for the last time. The stranger who was with the family might have been a hoss thief or an angel, but I guess our boys didn't wait to ask many questions!"

"And old Bender himself?"

"I guess he didn't git away, stranger! I guess there are men in Kansas who could dig up what's left o' him without much trouble! Law is good enough in some cases, but in other cases it is 'bout as well to plant a family in the sandy gile and not have any fooling around!"

"And that's the reason the Benders have not been discovered?"

"Purty much the reason, I reckon, though folks can keep on looking if they want to!"

Oh, poverty! or what is called a reverse of fortune! Among the many bitter ingredients thou hast in thy most bitter cup, thou hast not one so unsupportably bitter as that which brings us in close and hourly contact with the earthenware and huckaback beings of the nether world. Even the vulgarity of inanimate things it requires time to get accustomed to; but living, breathing, bustling, plotting, planning, human vulgarity is a species of moral epecacuanna, enough to destroy any comfort.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

Three men were boating above Niagara Falls when the boat got into the rapids. Two of the men jumped out and tried to swim ashore but were swept over the falls. The third man remained in the boat and was rescued.....Late reports indicate that the loss of life and property by the recent storms was very heavy, especially throughout Indiana and Ohio. At Waverley, Ind., the residence of George Dressler was blown entirely away and he was badly injured, while his wife and two children were killed. In some of the States houses, barns and trees were blown down, many cattle were killed and crops were ruined.....One hundred armed men went to the jail at Mound Vernon, Ky., at midnight, took out four of the prisoners accused of robbery and hanged all of them.....A grandson of the late Commodore Vanderbilt was arrested in New York for theft.....Gen. Grant visited the British House of Parliament.....The New York tax list shows a decrease in the valuation of property of nearly ten million dollars over last year.....Collector Wilkins, of Baltimore, wrote a letter to Secretary Sherman, declining to resign his office.....The pastry cook of a hotel in Washington died from the effects of eating large quantities of orange peel.....The public debt was reduced $3,219,000 in June.

Eight employees of a steamship company in New York were arrested by Special Treasury Agent Brackett for being concerned in a huge swindling operation by which the revenue laws have been evaded and large amounts of silk goods smuggled into the city during the past eight years. It was the practice of this ring of smugglers to have the silk shipped from London in barrels of cement among genuine cement barrels, and when it reached New York it would be carted off to secret places, taken out of the barrels, repacked in cases, and conveyed to auction rooms, where it would be sold under the hammer. In this way the government has been robbed of the duty on over two million dollars' worth of silk. Some of the smugglers were prominent employees of the steamship company.....The sessions of the Presbyterian council at Edinburgh, Scotland, to last about ten days, opened on the third of July. Delegations from ten countries were present, and the council was represented by forty-eight branches of the Presbyterian denomination, comprising about 20,000 churches and 34,000,000 people.....A delegation of forty British workingmen, representing as many trades, presented Gen. Grant with an address, to which he responded in a short speech.....The Russians abandoned the siege of Kars, in Asia Minor, and retreated toward the frontier.....Independence day was appropriately observed in the United States and among the people of the continent. At Woodstock, Conn., the day was celebrated with addresses by Senator Blaine, ex-Gov. Chamberlain and others, and poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mary Clemmer were read. The speech of Mr. Chamberlain was characterized by an attack on the policy of the President, while other of the orators defended the administration. The fourth was observed in Tammany Hall, New York, by speeches by Hon. S. S. Cox and others, letters were also read from Samuel J. Tilden, Charles Francis Adams and others. Reports from all parts of the country indicate that the number of casualties on the fourth this year will not be so large as in former years.....Six persons were drowned by the upsetting of a small boat near Woburn, Mass.....A reported combination of all the Indians of the Northwest against the whites is announced. The lake magnufactory of Crump and Hitchcock at Montclair, N. J., was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $200,000.....The suspension of the Clinton Savings bank of New York is announced.

President Hayes and Secretary Evarts assert that there is no scheme on foot for the annexation of Mexico, as has been rumored.....William Legg, a prisoner in the jail at Kingston, N. Y., was fatally shot by the jailer, upon whom he had made an attack.....Gen. Wilkins left England for Belgium.....Col. Wilkins was suspended from the collectorship of Baltimore and Mr. Thomas has been put in possession of the office.....The business portion of the village of Chester, N. Y., was almost totally destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of over $67,000.....The ocean steamships Elphinstone and Rodewater, collided in the St. Lawrence river, and both were sunk; total losses, $175,000.....David McQuay, of Williamsport, Pa., got into a dispute with one of his harvest hands named Redcliffe, and knocked him down. Redcliffe drew a pocket knife and stabbed McQuay ten times, instantly killing him.....Five of the Louisiana returning board, Casanave, Wells, Anderson, Kenner and Casanave—were indicted in New Orleans, charged "with having on the fourth of December, 1876, falsely and feloniously uttered and published as true the altered, forged and counterfeited election returns for Presidential electors from the parish of Vernon at the election of November last by adding 158 votes to each of the Hayes electors and deducting 395 votes from each of the Tilden electors."

France has announced that her Exhibition will positively be opened next year, but this government will not appoint a commissioner until Congress meets.....Henry Blair, of Sullivan street, New York, fatally stabbed his wife during a dispute. Religious differences led to the act.....John Gerhat, a wealthy German man in Hoboken, N. J., and his son of twelve were drowned while fishing in the Hackensack river.....Great swarms of red-legged locusts have made their appearance in Michigan and are devastating the growing grain.....Over 1,000 acres of heirloom rice in and about Watertown did damage in the town alone to the amount of $20,000.....William M. Tweed has written a letter in answer to the charge of the attorney-general of New York that he (Tweed) was without faith. Tweed offers to refer the question whether or not he intends to keep faith to Charles O'Conor.....The two-year-old daughter of Henry Bruns, of New York, died four weeks after having been bitten by a dog.....At La Grange, Ga., Jack Thomas, a colored boy of fifteen, was hung for the murder of the two children of Chas. Miller, also colored. The murdered children were aged eight and two years, and the crime was one of unparalleled atrocity, young Thomas being instigated to it out of motives of revenge against Miller and his wife, who had forbidden him to come to their house.

The Indians engaged in the outbreak lately started in Oregon and Idaho attacked Colonel Perry's command and killed a lieutenant, four soldiers and two citizens. The whole command would have been slaughtered but for the timely arrival of fresh troops.....Near Nashville, Ill., a boiler attached to a steam thrasher exploded, causing the death of two men—Harvey Lee and N. W. Moore—and wounding three more.....The pedestrian O'Leary, who attempted the feat of walking 520 miles in six days, failed in his undert